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We offer a wide platform so all can speak. We believe in tolerance and an open mind to all aspects of naturism. For this reason, the opinions expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the editor.

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FEATURES

2 CAUGHT BY THE SHORT 'N' CURLIES

The pubic taboo uncured

NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

6 HOW NUDE WAS MY VALLEY

The Beau Valley saga continues

BEAU BRUMMELL

10 BLACK AND WHITE

Does our skin colour really matter?

JANICE GLOVER

14 SCOURING THE COUNTRY FOR NAKED MEN

Checking out the boys all over (the country)

SUSAN MAYFIELD

24 BODYWATCHING

How to tell if they're really interested in you

RUSSELL O'CONNOR

26 RAPE

The myths and realities of one of the most traumatic crimes

IRENE J. HOPPE

28 THE NATURIST NETWORK

The ultimate meeting place

DON AND PAULINE CLEAVIN

32 ESCAPE FROM THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

Heading for new horizons

CAROLINE CLARK

47 ADDICTED TO STRIPPING

I just can't keep my clothes on!

THOMAS RAVEN

50 GARDEN OF DELIGHTS

Welcome to the animal kingdom

MARIA WRIGHT

64 ALL FIRED UP TO START A CLUB

Doing it your own way

LES WOODLAND

REGULARS

22 MARIANNE

A problem shared ...

MARIANNE LA MAUVE

42 LOONY BALLOONING

Friends of nature go airborne

ROBERT BROEKSTRA

44 HUNG, DRAWN AND QUOTED

Chewing over the naked news

BORIS HATCHET

48 ON THE HORIZON

Your horoscope for February

ESTELLA LAWRENCE

60 SOME LIKE IT HOT

H&E readers bite back

65 HOT SHOTS

Here's lookin' at you kid

68 MAN OF THE MONTH

70 JILLY'S JOURNAL

Confessions of a hesitant nudist

JILL BOWEN

TRAVEL

18 MINORCA

Small island, big fun

JAMES LEWIS

38 SUE'S SIX WHEEL HOTEL

Goin' mobile in France

SUSAN MAYFIELD



Poolside pastures.



Stepping-out



Continental capers

**What can be sweeter than
a freshly showered bush?**



Looking after each other's pubis can be fun.

We've been got by the SHORT 'N'

Until recent years pubic hair has been a taboo. In magazines and even medical books it has been airbrushed out. As an obvious sexual signal which is hard to ignore, what is it for and what are our attitudes towards it now? Nicholas Whittaker investigates.

Pubic hair - we've all of us got some; trim blonde tufts on the pudenda, luxuriant auburn triangles; or, for men anyway, a dark and rampant growth that spreads all the way up and mingles with the chest hair. On some people it grows in a T-shape or like a Three Musketeers beard. It can be as soft and attractive as lambs' wool or as scratchy and off-putting as a Brillo pad. Even if you're one of those people who likes to shave it off, you can't deny its existence.

But what the heck's it actually for? Even the 'experts' are divided (aren't they always?) about its purpose in the great biological game. Some of them reckon it's there to highlight our sex bits, drawing the attention of potential mates, so that a little light bulb flicks on above

our heads and we think, "Duh...I wonder what that's all about, I'd better investigate."

If that's so, then whoever made us must have thought we were dead thick. No woman could fail to spot a man with a wicked grin and a raging hard-on pointing in her direction - who needs it signposting?

And a man certainly doesn't need a guide book to know what to do. A woman's breasts are surely a more obvious come-on at first glance - they can work their 'do your duty' message through a blouse or even a couple of sweaters. The rest just follows naturally, doesn't it?

The other 'experts' (and I bet they set up conferences in the Caribbean to discuss it in comfort) argue that pubes are there mainly to act as a kind of dry lubricant or a cushion. Of the two theories, this gets my vote. When you think of all the thrusting and banging together of bits that goes on,

a man and a woman could get awfully sore and bruised during sex if it wasn't for all that natural padding. It's also a useful sponge for absorbing all the sweat (and other juices). Of course, some people like their sex slippery, but you can get awfully sore afterwards.

It's only during the past couple of decades that we've actually been allowed to see the stuff. Officially it just didn't exist. Even in a serious medical textbook - I found one hidden at my gran's house - the pubes had been airbrushed out. As if even doctors had to be protected from the sight of it!

So, while I was quite aware that women had breasts I thought down below was a kind of blank space and that procreation somehow involved the belly button, since that was the only other interesting bit. But how was it possible? I examined mine for ages, trying to work it out and - yes! - worrying I might get pregnant somehow.'

And they say we don't need sex education... Such childish misconceptions, fuelled by lack of information and downright censorship, can lead to years of needless worry.

The man in this medical textbook was (of course) afforded a bit more dignity - they couldn't airbrush out that much equipment and hairiness - so some clever artist had drawn on a pair of sensible underpants.

And so I lived in misguided innocence

CURLIES

until I had some pubic hair of my own and I started reading girlie mags. Even they had the pubes airbrushed away, but luckily, I'd started at just the right time; the powers that be had decided it would be safe for us to see pubic hair.

It certainly made all the difference: breasts were fine inspiration to a teenage boy, but they were getting a shade too commonplace. Even with girls you fancied but couldn't get, you could always get a good idea of the size and shape of their boobs and picture them in your mind. But there was no way of telling what a girl had down below, you couldn't even be certain what colour it might be.

H&E was in the vanguard of the campaign for honesty. Not being able to show the whole picture of naturism was silly and pointless. There had always been a few foreign naturist magazines - like Denmark's *Sun & Health* - which showed

She may choose to adorn the hair on her head but decides in other places it's best left alone.



pubic hair, but even people who got hold of one on a trip abroad were forced to smuggle them through customs as though they were the worst type of pornography!

It was farcical, all the more so for a magazine like *H&E* which tried to promote an open-minded and responsible attitude to nudity. How could they argue for openness on one hand when the authorities were enforcing airbrushing on them?

Everyone had pubes, everyone had seen their partner's. And what about the lads in the rugby club shower? Were they morally destroyed by the sight of so many short 'n' curlies? Of course not!

Eventually, even the authorities had to agree with the logic and they gave way to a new creed of common sense. *Health & Efficiency* led the way, followed closely by mainstream girlie mags like *Mayfair* and *Men Only*.

A few people, especially women, think that pubic hair is smelly stuff. Of course it can be and they may have had an unpleasant early experience that wrinkled their nose. But anyone who washes

It can be as soft and attractive as lambs' wool or as scratchy and off putting as a Brillo pad. Even if you're one of those people who likes to shave it off, you still can't deny its existence.

regularly shouldn't have any trouble in that department. In fact, there's nothing sweeter-smelling and sexier than a bush of freshly showered and towelled pubic hair.

Of course, there are people who can't stand the stuff, though they all have different reasons. Some of them see it as an unwelcome badge of adulthood, they want their wives to shave it off so they can indulge their outlawed fantasies. Shaving has been covered often enough in *H&E*, and if nothing else the ritual itself is as good an excuse as any for playing with each other's naughty bits, but in my experience it never grows back in quite the soft and luxuriant way that nature intended.

For most of us, away from a naturist situation, pubic hair does act as some kind of sexual signal. These days, let's face it, boobs are fairly commonplace - in newspapers, adverts, every other TV drama. And even otherwise modest ladies are quite happy to go topless on the beach if everyone else is doing it. It's a blow for sexual freedom, yes, but there are dangers... the 'naughty' aspect, which is often so important in turning us on, has gradually been removed from breasts.

So in a Page 3 culture, pubes do remain as the ultimate forbidden fruit. Of course there's nothing shameful about them - but it's wise to keep some mystery and temptation to the human body. If there's no naughtiness there's no temptation. And if there's no temptation there's no sexual urge. Otherwise we might just lose interest in sex altogether one day!

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HOW NUDE WAS MY VALLEY



Making waves in South African society.

Nudity in South Africa is a contentious issue, but one man, Beau Brummell, determined to beat the bureaucracy, founded what has become the best known and often most controversial naturist resort in the country. Here's the story of a turbulent two decades of fighting for freedom.

Greetings to all naturists from our wonderful new South Africa. The mighty Nelson Mandela is President and the entire nation is happy the election's succeeded. We can get on with rebuilding the country and encouraging overseas tourists to visit our fabulous land of sunshine.

South Africa's only nudist resort is still Beau Valley - started in 1978 by myself. You can see it all on the video, *Naked Africa*.

In 1980, *H&E* published the first ever story and photos of Beau Valley. The naturist in the photos was a very young Virginia Hathaway from Johannesburg.

Over the past 16 years - Virginia has been seen many times in *H&E*. Now you can see her again with Nelson Mandela just before the elections.

Luckily for Beau Valley, President Mandela and his new government are totally in favour of democracy, freedom of choice and freedom of association.

So nudists and their friends are welcome to bare all in the new South Africa and tourists will be encouraged to go naked and enjoy African sunshine.

Sadly, this is not the picture in the rest of Africa that is torn apart by civil war and famine: I'm sure you've seen it on TV.

So nudity has survived at Beau Valley for 16 years and looks forward to the next decade under President Mandela. (Virginia has sent him an invitation to come and visit Beau Valley - with his clothes on of course!!)

NB. If you'd like to write to Beau for more details of Beau Valley, he can be contacted at PO Box 362, Warmbaths 0480, South Africa.



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Just wild about naturism.



A fan recognises Tom Jones' naked talent.



Lady of the lake.



A salute to the 'naked ape'.



This lady feels Mandela's policies close at heart.

History of Beau Valley

It was in 1978 that Beau started what may be considered the most controversial nudist resort in the world.

Perhaps it was a visit to the south coast of France by Beau, which first inspired him to welcome gays and lesbians to their resort.

The region which he visited in France, Cap d'Agde, is a basking place for 50,000 nudists, with gays and lesbians making up a large part of the scene.

When, in 1993, Beau announced Beau Valley as a gay resort, the nation was stunned. (He had already caused upset the previous year by declaring the resort as 'clothes optional'.

Beau based his decision on the fact that 'there is no place for the gay community of South Africa to enjoy a wonderfully natural lifestyle. If you happen to have a different sexual preference to other people, why should you be treated differently?'

He feels that '15 years ago it was difficult enough having families in the nude together', but he is determined to 'ring in the changes with a new South Africa', saying 'welcome to an international nudism that is practised without discrimination.'

Beau Valley has much to offer. Accommodation consists of cottages, luxury cabanas, caravans and camping, all in delightful settings.

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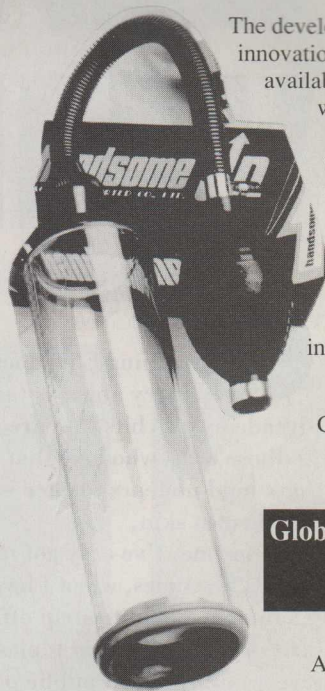
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It's a colourful life when you think in

Have you ever wondered why there aren't more coloured people interested in naturism? You hardly see any, but is there a particular reason for it, or is it just because in many countries they form a tiny minority anyway?

BLACK AND WHITE

by Jamie Glover

One thing Ellie doesn't have to worry about is tan lines. Those dreaded white bits that are such an affront to those of us who love that smooth, seamless look hold no fears for her with her lovely nut-brown skin.

As for me, I've only got to visit my local pool a few times, when I haven't the time to go further afield to strip off, and there they are. At least now that toplessness is acceptable in most public pools I've only got the one to worry about.

When we go off together, Ellie seems to derive much amusement from my predicament. I'm constantly having to move

and adjust my tiny tanga briefs so that the sun can reach as much of the bits I so dearly want it to.

She just lies there, shimmering in her swimsuit and making pitying remarks. Sometimes I could kill her.

I've often wondered why there are so few black people interested in naturism. Go to any beach or club and you'll rarely see more than one or two. Nobody seems able to provide a comprehensive answer.

Maybe it's down to culture or perhaps it's simply because they have less to gain - they might enjoy themselves but they're not going to acquire the tan that we pale-skinned creatures crave.

Back at my local pool there are a fair



number of black people around, and usually they seem content to stay in their jeans. It seems daft to me, naturally, as I like to wear as little as possible, but I guess our different skin colours also colour our perspective. For them the pool is more a meeting place, a social occasion, than for us dedicated followers of fashionable tans.

My contemplation was halted abruptly as Charlie spun the Land Rover off the road and into the field where we were due to do the shoot. Ellie, Alison and myself spilled out into the breezy sunshine and wriggled out of our clothes while Charlie set up the equipment.

It was refreshing to feel the breeze on my skin again. I could feel it tightening and tingling with anticipation. We ran around



We'll always look different...



... although we're the same ...



... under our skins.

for a bit to warm up - although it was June and the sun was quite strong, the wind blowing across the plain was enough to take the edge off it.

I looked all around me, spinning round in a slow, graceful arc. I always love the feeling of abandonment that being naked in a wild, wide open space gives me. Instead of the usual languidness that envelops me on a sizzling beach, I become like the wind: flighty and unpredictable.

I was aware of the striking contrast between my pale skin and Ellie's deep lustre. I was envious. She didn't need to make the transition from white to brown each summer. I don't believe in sunbeds and I burn easily so I always have to take it gently. Sometimes it can take the entire season before I'm happy with my colour.



We posed against the warm bonnet of the van. In twos and threes, we ran around while Charlie's camera followed us, then he posed with us while Alison reeled off a few rolls and the afternoon rolled on while we worked, or played, whichever way you think of it. It was great fun, a great day out and I came a little nearer to being Ellie's colour.

During the journey home my reverie returned again without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. I decided it was futile and put the question to the back of my mind.

There have never been specific reasons why some people explore the world of naturism. Sure, lots of factors might influence their decision; magazines like this one offering an insight, friends, parents, partners, TV and all the rest of it.

But they're a side issue. However it's formed, the desire has to come from within. I've got it, the people sitting next to me have got it, and thousands of others have got it. Others haven't and so what? You make your choices, and hard as it may be to understand sometimes, when you think you've found the perfect answer, others might not see it the same way.

There was a magazine in the glove compartment, which I idly began flicking through. Music and lifestyle stuff, which didn't particularly capture my attention. Halfway through was a piece on the Texan blues guitarist Johnny Winter who, apparently had just released a new record.

He's a striking figure, not least because he's an albino. Oh hell, I'm off again. I wonder why there aren't more of those in the naturist world.

HE

I was aware of the striking contrast between my pale skin and Ellie's deep lustre.




... so why make a fuss?



Just join us!

Years of travelling the country, meeting naturist men, writing about travel and even having love affairs has given Susan Mayfield an insight into the differing geographical qualities of the national naturist male. Here's her guide to the rogues of the regions and how to spot them.

Scouring the Country for NAKED MEN



The 'Muscles from Brussels' – Nah, more like Southend.

The naturist girl looking for a chap is well advised to travel. Honestly, men from different parts of the country have different characters and personalities. Here's my whistle-stop guide to choosing your favourite naturist male – or rejecting him.

Bedfordshire Man

Well known to me, as Bedfordshire is my home stamping ground. He's tall, stocky and blond and works on a market stall, wearing only a T-shirt in the coldest of winters. As a club member he works hard around the grounds, but also has a weird habit of being polite if he dislikes you and insulting if he does like you.

He is kind to dogs and animals as well as women, whom he is inclined to patronise. He is not actually all that sexy, but can always be relied upon to buy the drinks. Let him squire you to clubs, ladies, but keep your options open.

West Country Man

Men from Somerset, Devon and Cornwall are lean and dark-eyed, in love with the mystery of the moors more than with any woman. Tuned in to open-air living, enjoying the ebb and flow of the seasons, they don't need many clubs, as they are used to running wild on the wide beaches.

Their ancestors were highwaymen and smugglers, and they are masters of romance and poetry. They make love well and potently; they'll want to call the resulting children after rivers or moors.

Eastern Man

He's descended from the Vikings, who invaded Lincolnshire and East Anglia thousands of years ago. He's a country bumpkin, tuned into animals and nature in a way that makes him sensuous and earthy.

He joins naturist clubs looking for adventurous ladies and seduces them with

longing, tender looks from his green eyes.

Some of them have a beautiful line of fine dark hairs from chest to groin. He's probably married, but may invite you to join in and make a threesome. He believes in the magical and healing properties of sex.

Essex Man

He goes out on dates wearing an open-necked skirt and a gold medallion. He screams up to Eureka in his Porsche, even with dirt under his fingernails. His well-paid but physical labour gives him a super, muscular body, and doesn't he know it.

He'll offer to "buy you a drink" and hand you a bottle of scotch or champagne. He's never boring and may take you to the Costa del Sol for a holiday. You can handle him if you can handle his macho nature and believe that girls should be girls and men should be gorillas.

Geordie Man

Forget everything you've heard about Tyne Tees, they've dragged themselves into the future by their bootstraps there, and the men are perfect New Men, male and enterprising. They travel a lot to pursue naturism but study poetry and psychology in new universities when they're home.

They make wonderful toy boys, especially if you can introduce them to the London scene, which they admire. They still call you "Pet" and "Hinnie" and usually have one hand firmly round your haunches at the same time.

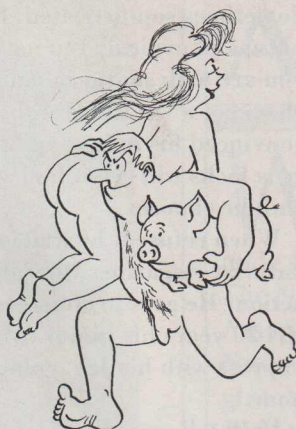
Irish Man

With a strange mixture of prurience and innocence, Irish man is new to naturism and ready for it. But his ideas of the naturist life are a little strange - he'll write to you and suggest you lead him into naturism by inviting him to your house for a nude weekend, when you'll both sit naked on the sofa watching television.

Once converted, his enthusiasm, along with his love of Guinness and immoral sex, makes him organise wild nudist parties, the sort where you call in for a free beach guide and don't leave until five days later. His blue Irish eyes are soft, from Sligo, and hint at secrets between you.

London Man

Men from London and the Home Counties are laid-back and easy going. When other naturists are muttering about scandals and wife-swapping on club committees, London man grins and says, "Oh, let them get on with it as long as they are happy." He's interested in tattooing, body piercing and



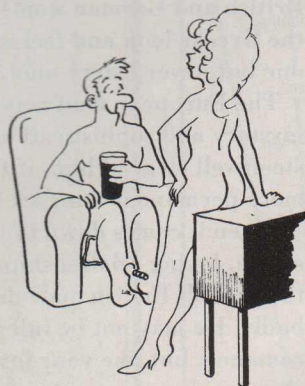
EASTERN MAN



ESSEX MAN



GEORDE MAN



IRISH MAN

depilation, and might also be a biker, gay or a transvestite.

He disapproves of nobody and expects nobody to disapprove of him; he'll sunbathe on the balcony of his flat, streak at football matches just for fun, and would live full-time as a naturist if he could. His wife really does understand him and is as warm-hearted as he is. Befriend one and you befriend them both.

Midlands Man

He's often white, pink and slightly plump, due to sticking to northern habits of bacon sandwiches and whole milk instead of eating healthy food. He often smokes as well.

He wonders why he can't "get" women. If you blow his mind with the wonder of getting someone, he'll slim for you and be an attentive if possessive lover.

He's intelligent but hides it, having been brought up in schools where "swots" were teased. Oh, and there's more naturists in the Midlands than any other area of the country, a survey found. It must be the distance from the sea.

Northern Man

Men from the Lancashire/Cumbria areas are always the first to take their clothes off and the last to put them back on again. They are hardy beasts.

He always says he feels more comfortable undressed, and in Tierra del Fuego the natives never wear clothes even when it's snowing.

Even in Europe, the Mediterranean nudists notice how nude he is when they are still in their winter jumpers. He is thin, with nut-brown skin all over, warm-hearted and often hugs you. He talks slowly so can be tiresome to listen to, but makes love slowly too, I've heard.

Give him a chance but make it clear (as I did to someone called Peter) that he'll have to come and see you because you hate romances conducted on weekends on the M6.

Scottish Man

He has led such a restrictive, hard-working, religious life as a child that it takes him a long time to reach a decision, but when he does, he is one of the hottest properties around, and that includes the sexual arena.

He's enterprising in finding remote naturist spots and enjoys the warm, wet atmosphere of the glens, with their long, misty sunsets.

It may take him years to start spending his money on you, or on naturism, but once he does, he's the warmest, most hospitable naturist around. If he comes from Glasgow, you'll meet him on holiday and there'll always be a bottle of scotch in his caravan.



This winsome wench wants her man.

Southern man

Sometimes sophisticated, but sometimes blasé and cynical, you never know where you are with southern man. He has all the charm of a wealthy antique dealer, convinced his money and his well-washed grey locks will grant him entry into any club he chooses.

When refused, he writes letters to naturist magazines, threatening legal action. He goes to clubs looking for a model girl 20 years his junior, whom he can impress with his Jag, going at 40 miles an hour.

He'll tell you his wife doesn't understand him, but she probably understands him only too well. Keep him as a sugar daddy and give him a regular massage to preserve him.

Welsh Man

Oh, that beautiful, soft singing voice. Welsh man will chat to you on the phone for hours while he arranges to meet you at Tything Barn or Harlech beach. He is small, dark, Celtic and potent, so watch out! He keeps one hell of a welcome on the hillside.

Yorkshire Man

He never travels abroad. After all, Yorkshire is God's natural spiritual home, and while the Dales are so magnificent and deserted, why pay good money on fares to find a naturist paradise?

Sexually he considers himself adventurous and you might appreciate this if you have never before had a lover who tramped you naked across the Dales, then made love to you on a blanket and tanned his bottom at the same time.

European Man

The naturist scene is international. The Germans are blond and muscular but pose on rocks expecting to be admired; the French are charming and elegant, love English accents, but always go home to their wives; the Spanish are serious, taking naturism seriously and having serious love affairs (unless they've been corrupted by British and German women, of course), and the Greeks look and feel wonderful. Enjoy one but never marry one!

The European man may seem to promise mystery and sophistication, but I would steer well clear of him, if I had anything more permanent than sex in mind.

When it comes down to it, as far as stable, loving relationships are concerned the goal of British male doesn't fare too badly. He may not be full of passion and romance, but like your favourite pair of old slippers, he's warm, comfortable and you always know where he is.



LONDON MAN



MIDLANDS MAN



SCOTTISH MAN



WELSH MAN



No mistaking a dark brooding Celt.

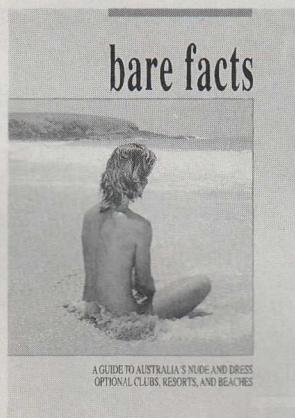
Australian Bare Facts

If you want the nude low-down on Australian clothes-free clubs and beaches, this book is an absolute must. The clear and full entries cover everything this sunny country has to offer nudists. The text is complemented with full maps and a range of colourful images of nude life under the sun. Also included are details on the legal situation regarding beach naturism in each state.

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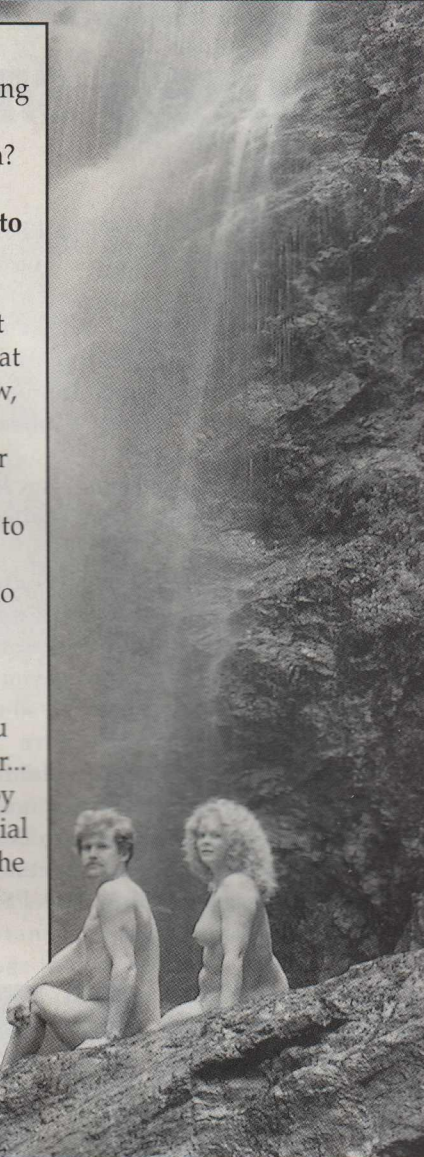
*Order your copy
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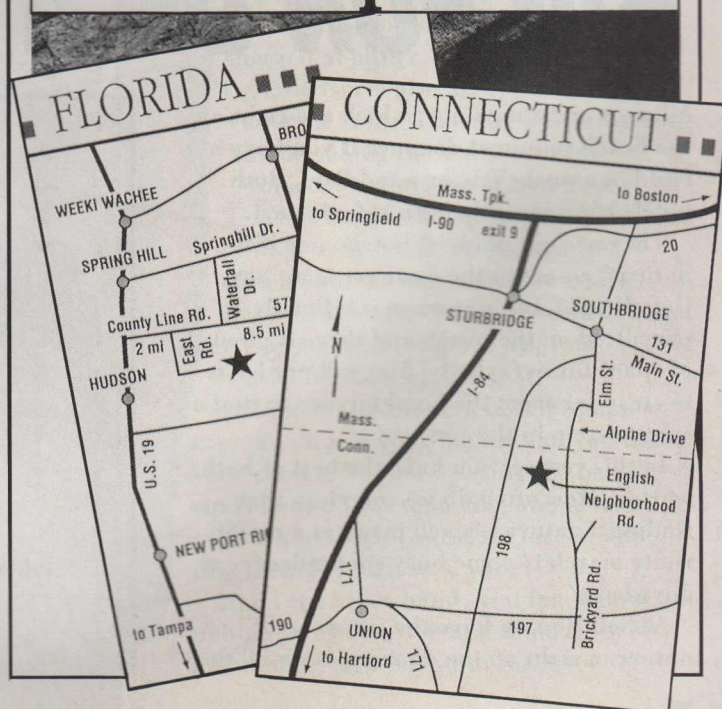
AMERICA

Why is socializing in the nude so much fun? **The North American Guide to Nude Recreation** gives some pretty good reasons. Not only does this great guide tell you how, it also tells you where. It lists over 190 clubs in the States, from Utah to Arizona, from California to Idaho all illustrated in glorious colour photographs. Family scenes you want to remember... As its produced by the ASA, the official nudist body in the States, two things are guaranteed, quality and accuracy.

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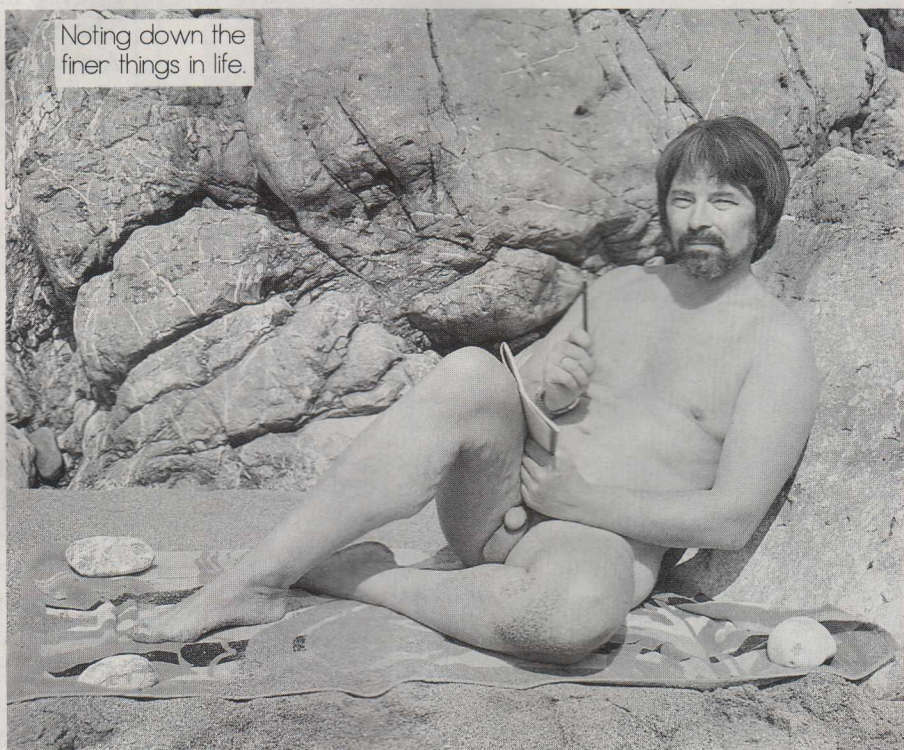
James Lewis checks out the Balearic island of Minorca and finds that for its relatively small size it has a lot to offer.

Minorca is a very small island, only 48 kilometres long and at its widest point no more than 19 kilometres. The name Minorca (often spelt Menorca) means “minor”, as opposed to Majorca (the “major”), which is how the Romans distinguished this little Balearic jewel from its bigger sister.

Minorca is only a little island, but it is big on beaches, and the biggest of them all is officially naturist.

Son Bou Beach is on the south coast of the island and is a three-kilometre stretch of clean silver sand, edged with beautifully clear blue sea stretching as far as you can see. The beach slopes very gently, so the water is quite shallow and therefore provides safe bathing for young children.

Another plus for families with young children is the sheer convenience. The resort has a good selection of apartments and two very large hotels, the Hotel Sol



MINORCA

BIG FUN ON A SMALL ISLAND

Milanos and Pinguinos, which are right on the beach (minimal distance if you have a child in a pushchair or a toddler). Both hotels have recently been refurbished.

They are not naturist hotels, nor is it a naturist resort in the same sense as, say, Cap d'Agde, but naturism is officially permitted on the beach and there is plenty of space for everybody. You will not have to stray far from the hotel terrace to find a spot to strip in the sun.

In this respect you have the best of both worlds. How often do we complain that finding a naturist beach involves a major route march to some busy spot miles from anywhere?

At Son Bou we have the freedom of naturism right on the doorstep with all the





Sand, sea; bring on the sangria!

convenience, luxury and facilities that our textile brethren enjoy, for the small price of having to pop on a pair of shorts when we return to the hotel.

The resort has another advantage. Naturist resorts are by their very nature secluded, and that seclusion carries a price tag. This is for two main reasons. The first is that to be secluded they are often in less accessible places, that little bit more off the beaten track and that little bit more expensive to reach. The second factor is that, because we are a minority, a specialist naturist resort cannot reasonably offer accommodation at the more affordable prices enjoyed by the "bulk" textile holiday market.

At Son Bou Minorca, we have a golden opportunity on two counts. Much has been said lately about "textile infiltration" of hitherto exclusively "naturist" resorts and the resultant fear that they may cease to be truly naturist.

Here we have a chance to do some infiltrating of our own, but that should not be seen merely as a chance to "get our own back", it is a chance to demonstrate to non-naturists that naturism really



Can't wait to strip off.

is a healthy, happy family activity and in such a situation there is no reason on God's earth for us not to easily make some converts.

Surely this is the route to universal acceptance of beach naturism, to take the message to textile resorts, rather than shutting ourselves away in exclusively naturist areas.

There is also the factor of sheer convenience. The current *Thompson Summer Sun* brochure offers flights with transfers to Son Bou Minorca from a total of 12 UK airports, and the favourable bulk holiday market prices are not to be sneezed at either.

Naturism is also accepted at the resort of Santa Thomas, which is a little further along the south coast of Minorca, to the west of Son Bou.

The coastline of Minorca is also dotted with small "virgin beaches" which you can only reach by boat, so those who prefer complete seclusion and are prepared to explore will find themselves some idyllic spot.

Eating out in Minorca is very much a case of you pay your money and you take your choice. We were paying the peseta equivalent of less than six pounds for substantial three-course set meals, and that included a glass of wine.

If, on the other hand, you fancy hobnobbing with the rich and famous, head north across the island to the resort of



The harbour at Cuitadella, with a good selection of restaurants and boats for hire.

The local bus service is more civilised than its Greek equivalent, where you can end up next to some old lady with a chicken on her legs and a pig under her arm.

Fornels.

Fornels is famous for one of the great Minorcan delicacies, lobster stew. Lobster stew is a great favourite with King Juan Carlos of Spain, who often pulls his yacht in here. So you could easily find yourself at a table next to the Spanish royal family - if you are prepared to pay the peseta equivalent of £40, which is what your plate of lobster stew will cost you.

Travelling around the island, if you need a change from the beach, is relatively easy. Tour operators are, as always, more than eager to recommend car hire companies and to help with arrangements.

Towns are small, little more than villages, and the twin capitals Cuitadella and Mahon are connected by the one and only major road that runs the length of the island. You will have to be trying to get lost. Traffic is light and given the Minorcan pace of life, rush-hour traffic simply does not exist.



With azure sea and skies what better place to be situated?

We used the local bus, finding it quite fun to try out our meagre Spanish on the driver, and much more civilised than Greek local buses, where you can end up next to some dear old lady with a chicken on her lap and a pig under her arm.

Much of Minorca is very quiet and again you can take your choice. Go for a self-catering apartment and find a quiet restaurant, or go for a bigger hotel which provides evening entertainment as part of the package.

If you are into discos you should not miss the one in the caves of Xoroi, which are quite spectacular.

Cuitadella makes an interesting evening excursion. This is the old capital which



Fornels, an exclusive royal 'hang-out'.


Get into the Mediterranean spirit of things.



Go to Minorca - and turn your life about. dates back to medieval times. Here you will find quaint old narrow streets, the historic cathedral, the bull ring and a wonderful selection of restaurants along the harbour.

Mahon, at the other end of the island, is the new capital. Minorca occupies quite a strategic position in the Mediterranean because it has one of the largest and deepest natural harbours in the world. It was for this reason that the British made the city the administrative capital of the island during a period of occupation in the 18th century.

It is here, that a cook, faced with preparing a meal for Cardinal Richelieu, found he had no ingredients to make a sauce, except for some eggs and olive oil, and in a moment of desperate inspiration produced what has been known ever since as mayonnaise. Well, that's what they told me anyway.

Tranquillity far from the rat race, a kingy supper of paella and wine for a few hundred pesetas; sangria at 100 pesetas a bottle and good wine at local prices; a lively disco if you want it; and a huge beach where you can get brown all over - what more could you ask? If that is what you are looking for, Minorca has it. 

NEW! For more information about centres and beaches in Europe, phone 0891 112532

All calls charged at 49p/min peak rate and 39p/min at all other times.





Marianne

GIRLS TALK

Firstly, thank you to the many lesbian naturists all over Europe who have sent me letters and photographs recently.

When I asked in this column whether there were any lesbian nudists who read *H&E* I really had no idea how generously you would respond. Thank you all, especially for the photos, which were all very lovely.

To the particular group headed by Kelly and based in Los Angeles, if I do ever visit your area I will certainly take up your offer of a free massage, lunch and visit to your "private" beach!

WHAT GOES UP...

I've had a huge response to my comments about men who can't seem to control erections in public. Most of you have sent very thoughtful and thought-provoking replies for which I thank you.

However, I did fail to mention one group of males who do deserve our sympathy, support and good humour, and the following plaintive note illustrates their problem very well.

I have been a naturist since the age of seven. I am now 19. When I read your piece about men controlling themselves I was really shocked.

It is all right to suggest that mature men should have self-control, but you clearly don't know how difficult it is for boys in puberty.

The summer I was 14 I had no control over myself at all. I got erections, clothed or unclothed, for no reason and if it hadn't been for the kindness of all the people at my club I think I would have had to give up nudity.

Spare a thought for those whose bodies seem to develop a will of their own. Indeed, I apologise most humbly to all adolescent males. Puberty is difficult enough without people like me suggesting you are bad-mannered if you can't control your bodily functions.

Young men do need tact and understanding if they are to make a comfortable transition from happy boyhood to sophisticated adulthood. We must support young naturists or we risk losing them at this most important time in their lives.

However, what I said about the mature male is still true!

THERE'S THE RUB...

I am a naturist and this year I will be taking my first clothes-free holiday abroad. The only thing that worries me about this is that I have very fair skin and I burn and peel easily.

I can easily get over this by using a good sunscreen, but how am I supposed to apply it to my back? I can hardly walk up to somebody on a nudist beach and ask them to rub sun cream into me - can I? Well, you can, but only if you get to know people a little bit first. Last time I visited Cap d'Agde I found that somebody did walk up and ask me to do just that.

However, your problem is easily solved; this year you can buy sun lotion in a spray bottle.

Most companies (Yves Rocher, Body Shop, Boots and Ambre Solaire to name a few) have one of these pump action sprays in their range this year, and the SPF factors range from SPF4 to SPF25, so there is something to suit everyone.

For a personal reply to your problems, write to Marianne La Mauve, H&E, 1st Floor, 64 Great Eastern Road, London EC2A 3QR.

SEXUAL SIGNS

How can a man tell if a woman is sexually aroused? It is easy enough to tell with men, but with women it seems to me to be impossible.

The signs of sexual arousal in women do tend to be more subtle than the masculine ones, but they still exist. Women tend to get engorged nipples (that means both harder and darker in colour) and engorged labia (the vaginal area becomes suffused with blood, which makes the labia fuller and darker).

Women and men both tend to become redder in the face, they breathe more swiftly and deeply, and their lips become redder and fuller. The pupils of the eyes become wider and some people will break into a light sweat.

The best way to judge if somebody is sexually aroused is not to look for physical signs but emotional ones. If they gaze at you, sigh, smile and enjoy or initiate closer body contact then you can safely say they are interested in you.

SOFT TOUCH

You recently answered a man who had problems ejaculating. I only wish his problem was mine! The problem I have is that I find it very difficult to penetrate my girlfriend, and when I do manage, I can't get in very far so I go soft quickly.

But if I masturbate, I don't have any problem getting an erection and keeping it. There could be a number of reasons for this problem. Firstly, you may not have enough lubrication: this is more

common if the man is circumcised. Buying a good lubricant (water-based if you use a condom) and applying it liberally to your girlfriend and yourself may solve the problem.

Secondly, your girlfriend may not be relaxed enough to allow you to penetrate her easily. Try to spend time pleasuring her and ensuring she is fully ready for sex before attempting penetration.

Thirdly, you may find that if you masturbate very regularly, your body is more familiar with this method of getting pleasure than with penetrative sex. Try not masturbating so often, or see if your girlfriend will do it for you.

Your body may be looking for certain signals it gets from your hand when you masturbate, and when those signals don't appear, it may just be giving up.

HARD WORK

My boyfriend and I want to work on a naturist site. How can we find out where work is available?

This question comes up in virtually every postbag and I'm afraid the answer is rather disappointing. To work on a naturist site you must be prepared to work hard for little or no money.

There are so many people out there who are willing to work for just bed and board for the pleasure of going nude, that it is almost impossible to make a living wage in the industry.

To make a career of nudity you need to have at least two languages, three if possible, to a very high standard.

You should really be able to teach some sports or to cook, and a certificate in child care,




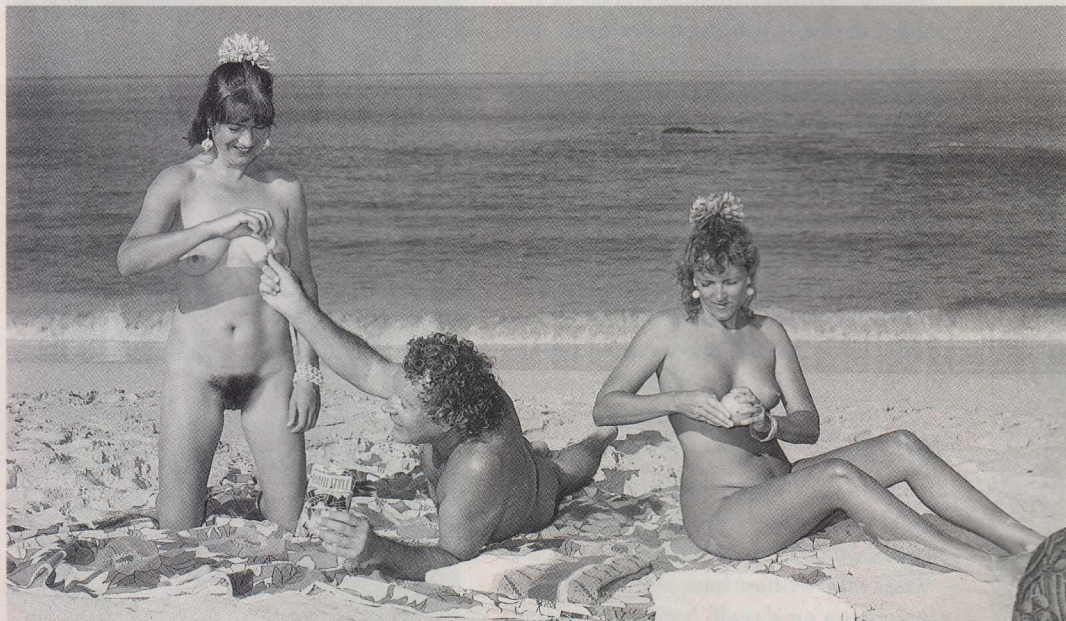
A problem aired ...

life-saving or first aid will certainly help your chances.

Having said all that, I had two wonderful years working for bed and board all round Europe and a further two years as yoga teacher and translator

on one site in France.

It isn't impossible to find this kind of work, but believe me, you have to be dedicated. 



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- Speak to Marianne on 0891 112535

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49p/min at peak times and
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Bodywatching

Deciphering body language is not an exact science.

However, it doesn't stop large companies employing body language specialists to assess who's suitable for various jobs. The police use similar people to detect if a suspect is lying and experts in animal behaviour make vast fortunes writing books on the subject.

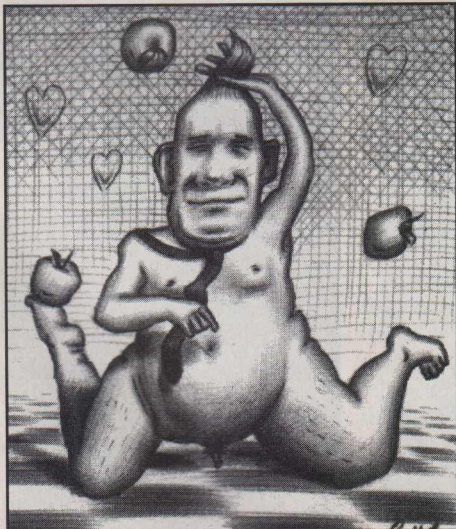
Here, to save those organisations a lot of money (and for a considerably smaller fee than an 'expert'), is my own comprehensive guide to understanding body language.

MASSAGE

One expert believes that an interested man will massage his thighs. Oh really? I have never seen a man massage his thighs to attract a woman. The only time a man massages his thighs is if his hands are clammy or he has something unpleasant on them.

If he means that the man pulls down his trousers, gets out the baby lotion and starts to massage his thighs, especially on a bus, I think we can safely say he's interested in you, or he's an exhibitionist. As I said, body language is not an exact science.

With that in mind, a woman who strokes, smooths or brushes her body could be gesturing that she'd secretly like you to do that to her - or that she's just eaten a packet of crumbly biscuits?



Was it really an accident when that person brushed against you on the beach or did they do it on purpose? Did someone really wink at you or did they have sand in their eye? And, if you had continued eye contact with that other person on the train, how far would it have gone? Russell O'Connor investigates.

FIDGETING AND PREENING

What is a man trying to tell you if he starts to fiddle with his tie? Is he an Oliver Hardy imitator? What if he adjusts his collar or plays with his shirt cuffs? Is he using the right washing powder? Are you making him nervous?

No. Apparently all these methods of elaborate and unnecessary preening are signs that he's attracted to you.

Similarly, if he smooths his hair or brushes imaginary dust from his jacket he secretly fancies you - or himself.

Do be careful. A friend of mine interpreted these signals as a man fancying her. Sadly, he didn't. He just had very bad dandruff.

A woman who flicks her hair back with her hand or a toss of her head also finds you attractive. NB: Whilst a woman who preens her hair is interested in you, a woman who says she can't go out with you because she's washing her hair, does not.

Apparently, if a man plays with a cylindrical object such as a glass or a pen whilst he is talking to you, he wants you. If he plays with anything else cylindrical, run like mad.

What may come as a surprise to men is that a woman who puts her hand to her chin with her inner wrist pointing towards you is demonstrating what her inner thigh may be like.

This may come as a surprise to women too and I'm not too sure whether the experts have made this one up.

SITTING

Sitting is very important in the realms of body language, and the way we sit can tell people a lot about us.

How many times have you seen a man sitting on a train lean back, part his legs slightly and thrust his pelvis

forward? I hope it's a lot as I'd hate to be the only person who does it.

I don't do it for attraction, more for comfort. I'm not arrogant enough to believe that women would rather be looking at my crotch than out the window at some grazing sheep. Believe me, they're far more interesting and display more movement.

If a person sits with their newspaper up to their face, or their hands folded across the lap or chest and legs crossed, we can safely assume they are not interested in talking to anyone.



Worried or willing?

However, a person sitting with crossed legs is not so easy to interpret. If a man does it, it is likely that he's either not inclined to talk to anyone - or he's trying to conceal an erection.

Everyone knows that if a woman crosses and uncrosses her legs whilst in your company, she fancies you. If, however, she does this too often, she may be trying to tell you something else, like her underwear has got stuck somewhere or she wants to visit the toilet.

If a woman crosses her legs and keeps them crossed, you can forget all about sex - unless you have a crowbar.

According to my book, if a woman blatantly parts her legs in your company she is trying to tell you something. Unfortunately, the next page has been torn out so I can't tell you what it is.

Similarly, she finds you attractive if she points her knee towards you whilst sitting with one leg tucked under the other. I think this is stating the obvious as in that position it's likely she's showing you a lot more than her knee.

STRUTTING

A man likes you if he hooks his thumbs in his belt in a cowboy pose, and walks with a wide, thrusting gait that is meant to look manly. Why men think this, I don't know. Who wants to go out with a man who thinks he's John Wayne?

Women who stand with their hand on their hips, with their fingers pointing down towards their crotch, are either inviting you to look - or modelling for a home-order clothes catalogue.

I confess to breathing in rather sharply if I'm passing an attractive female. As yet, I can get away with it but many men, including some of my friends, only manage to produce a hideous effect of looking like they've gone from a condition of nine months to seven months pregnant.



To hide this, when dressing, tuck in your shirt then pull it out an inch or two for comfort. The outline of your gut becomes less obvious.

EYE CONTACT

A man supposedly fancies you if he tries to make eye contact with you in a relaxed and friendly manner.

Agreed - I'm guilty of narrowing my eyes when I'm talking to someone I fancy, but this is because I know I'm much better-looking when I squint. I can't do it for too long, otherwise I end up looking like Mr Magoo.

Eye contact is one of the most important signals a person or can give to display attraction. It is also one of the most easily misunderstood.

Basically the rules are these: If you look at someone and they look away and never look back at you, they are not interested. If you look at someone, they temporarily look away before looking back to see if you're still looking at them, they may be interested.

If you look at them and they look at you, come over and say, 'Oi, what do you think you're staring at?', then they don't like you at all.

Unfortunately, men are blatant in their sexual signalling. If they see a woman they like, they'll look at her 20 times a minute, following her with their eyes until she moves out of sight.

Women just take two quick, undetectable glances and commit the image to memory. A woman who gazes at you for longer than a few seconds fancies you - or has noticed a small octopus on your head.

SMILING

One may think that one of the easiest ways to tell if someone likes you, is if they smile at you. But there are different types of smiling. There's the

warm, friendly smile, the silly smile you give to small children, and the crazed smile of someone who's just eaten their 17th person.

It is therefore important to read a smile correctly or else end up as someone's lunch.

I have often been told that my smile is my best feature, which means in my day-to-day life I am not physically attractive for 95% of the time.

Oh, how I wish my best feature was my nose because at least it's a permanent obvious feature. I can't exactly go around grinning all the time (see above reference to cannibal).

LICKING

If a woman licks her lips while facing you, she finds you sexually attractive.

A word of caution: a friend was in a cafe when he spotted three girls facing him, all licking their lips. He couldn't believe his luck until I pointed out that they were all eating doughnuts.

If a man licks his lips he's likely to be looking at a hamburger.

IMITATION

One sure way to know if someone likes you is if they imitate your movements: if they pick up a glass when you do, if they sit like you and preen like you.

To check to see if they're interested, try putting your left leg behind your neck. If they do the same, you're on a winner.

If they start to imitate your voice and exaggerate your movements then they're not interested, just taking the mickey.

TOUCHING

Touch is very important. If someone touches you during conversation, they may just be a very expressive, touching person. However, if they persist they may be wishing to become more intimate. People who touch you before leaving a room usually wish to see you again - unless they're a nightclub bouncer.

It is usually wise to end a conversation with anyone who grabs you by the throat.

Now we've interpreted all the signs of body language, you should be able to tell if someone secretly likes you. But do remember to take care and read carefully.

Sex and the Naturist, find out more, phone 0891 112530

All calls charged at 49p/min peak rate and 39p/min at all other times.

The Myths and realities of

WRAPE

When I first asked if I could write an article about rape without prurient titillation the answer was, 'there is no way to write about rape without titillation'. Well, damn it, I'm going to try.

Rape has nothing whatsoever to do with sex. It is entirely to do with misdirected power and violence.

A rapist wants to humiliate and degrade. His action is not an uncontrollable sexual urge. One study found that of the rapes that were reported (possibly as few as 10% of those that actually occur) about 70% were planned.

Rapists are not sexually frustrated. There are many instances of men who have to live together for long periods of time, on board ship for example, who think, talk and brag about their sexual prowess but don't rape when they next encounter women.

On the other hand, rape and pillage are synonymous. An invading army, even one made up of nice mothers' boys and devoted husbands and fathers, will rape the women of a defeated nation.

This is a demonstration of power. The conquering heroes need to totally humiliate the enemy, so take out their rage and fear on the women.

Eighty five per cent of rapes involve other forms of violence: beating, knifing, choking or urination. Possibly the most alarming are rapists who are impotent, and use dangerous instruments for penetration: broken bottles, clubs, and knives. While researching this I questioned three male friends as to their attitudes towards rape. They protested that they were incapable of forcing an unwilling woman to have sex. But rape isn't about sex, it's about anger.

A study of rapes recorded by the police in six countries found that 60% of victims could name their assailant as a friend, close relative, colleague etc.

Media reports of rape cases frequently describe the rapist as a 'beast', 'monster' or 'maniac'. This myth is a convenient one for both men

In today's society rape is considered a heinous, though all too common crime. It hasn't always been considered so, however, and the attitudes shown by the media and courts of law towards rapist and victim still uphold certain misogynist myths.
By Irene Jones Hoppe

and women to believe.

It implies that a potential rapist can be identified and that women can trust 'normal' men. The belief that men who rape are monsters also helps men to evade any collective responsibility for rape.

One New York study showed that false allegations of rape were only two per cent, the same as any other crime. Yet juries in rape trials are still often advised against 'convicting a man on the uncorroborated evidence of a woman'.

If a car is stolen or a house burgled, the victim and whether male or female, is not asked for corroborating evidence, why should rape be different?

Another myth is that only young and attractive women get raped and that older women don't. Rape is a power thing and raped women of all ages, races and classes from 18 months to 90 years have been recorded.

It is also commonly thought that it is not serious to rape some women, a prostitute for example. Prostitutes are seldom raped by their clients.

However, they are vulnerable to violent attacks from their pimps who

frequently rape, abuse and ill-treat them as their 'property' and humiliate them to keep them under control.

It is still believed that it is more serious to rape a married woman who 'belongs' to her husband or a virgin who 'belongs' to her father. Indeed, the original laws on rape formed part of the laws on property.

That a husband can't rape his wife is still law in some countries. A man can't be accused of abusing his own property, can he?

There is also an idea among both sexes that women who do not conform to some code of behaviour deserve to be raped. Examples include hitch-hiking, wearing revealing clothes, having a variety of sexual partners and getting drunk.

The fact that a woman was drunk at the time of her rape is often used against her in court. However, if the rapist was drinking that is often used in his defence. The poor man couldn't control his libido because he was drunk.

In one rape trial Judge Wien said: 'He allowed his enthusiasm for sex to overcome his normal good behaviour ... his career would be completely destroyed if this sentence of three years were to stand.' The woman in this case received injuries which put her in hospital for two months.

This attitude is another excuse for violence against women and exacerbates to the guilt and self-blame the victim often feels. It gives the false impression that women who 'don't break the rules' are never raped.

The most insulting myth of all is that women fantasise about and enjoy rape. This Freudian concept sees rape as a fulfilment of subconscious wishes. True, many women have fantasies about powerful, lustful men - I know I

do.

For a man that I love to sweep me off my feet and carry me to bed is the ultimate thrill. The fact that most men are stronger than us is part of what makes them sexually attractive.

So being overpowered by a desirable man is a common female fantasy. But we can control erotic dreams - we can't control the nightmare of rape.

Another problem is that women are still often asked to provide proof of rape. Judge Wild said in 1982: '...women who say no don't always mean no.... if she kept her legs shut she wouldn't get it without force and

**Rape has nothing
whatsoever to
do with sex!**

there would be bruising.'

I'm speechless! Many women go into shock when faced with a rapist, especially one armed with a knife. They believe they will be disfigured or killed - as many are. That is why I have referred to raped women as 'survivors'. Eighty-five per cent of attacks involve force and women risk even more brutality by struggling.

A woman reacts to rape in a variety of different ways. The first reaction is severe shock, most are stunned and bewildered. Pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases including HIV are possible.

In a few, the denial process is so strong that her mind forgets the assault ever happened. Self-blame and self-hatred are common reactions.

Avictim might feel a stigma and a deep sense of self-loss. Low self-esteem, feelings of worthlessness and anger can lead to depression and harmful behaviour.

Those who report the rape, however compassionately tracked, say that the police procedure, medical examination, gathering forensic evidence, photographs and statements is like being raped again.

Then, if the case does come to trial, the survivor has to face an inquisition which wants to hear publicly every detail of her ordeal in front of her abuser, and face a cross-examination about her sex life, number and frequency of partners, drinking habits



Being proud of one's body is not an invitation to rape.

and social life.

I really wouldn't give a naturist woman much hope of a conviction against a rapist during his trial. She would be condemned for 'flaunting' her naked body in public - a sure way to incite a lustful man.

The truth is that rapes among naturists are rare, and then mostly when the victims are dressed for the evening.

However, even if her attacker didn't know of her naturism, it would still probably be brought up against her in court. We all know that public nudity is not sexually arousing, but then rape isn't ever about sex, it's about POWER.

Is it any wonder that so many rapes go unreported? Many women won't go through another ordeal in which every aspect of their life is paraded publicly.

They relive the crime in their minds and wonder if they could have

prevented the attack, or if they in some way caused it.

This often leads to a complete change in personality and habits. Survivors will frequently cut off their hair, stop wearing make-up, or dress in shabby, unflattering clothing.

Women frequently blame themselves, and myths about rape contribute to these feelings. 'Why did I invite him in for coffee?' or 'Was I asking for it by wearing such a revealing dress?' are questions they torture themselves with.

To sum up: rape is an act of violence, it has nothing to do with sexual desire, attraction or healthy libido. It is to do with POWER, HATRED, ANGER and FEAR, not how a woman is dressed, behaves or acts. Rape is about DEGRADATION AND HUMILIATION.

Don and Pauline Cleavin know thousands of naturists all over the world and have made firm friends with many. You too could be involved, as they explain.

The NATURIST NETWORK



Don Cleavin, man of the world.

In late 1979, after Pauline and I had been naturists and members of South Hants Sun Club for a year or so, we began wondering what naturism was like in other countries. To start finding out, I wrote a letter to the American Sunbathing Association, at Kissimmee, Florida, asking them if they would be kind enough to put us in contact with some of their members.

My letter was passed to the editor of the *ASA Bulletin*, a tabloid naturist newspaper, to be published in the next edition, and copies of the letter were sent to several prominent American naturists who were known to enjoy putting pen to paper.

Within a month of sending our letter, we had the first of what was to be thousands of responses dropping onto the doormat. This was followed by a small flood of letters when the *ASA Bulletin* hit the streets. At this time, we had absolutely no idea that this was just the beginning of something that was going to completely dominate our lives for the foreseeable future.

Among our first regular correspondents were Veal and Leanna Johnson, who told us about nudism in Texas, where warm days are never a problem. There, naturists tend to 'cover up' as protection from the sun rather than to keep warm.

Veal was then president of the South Western Sunbathing Association and editor of *The Bare Texan* - house magazine of the Live Oak Ranch nudist club and, as he would have us believe, one of the top nude volleyball players in the States. Certainly he and Leanna were, and still are, very keen naturists who follow their lifestyle at home, as well as at the Forest Club that they subsequently bought.

Within that first month, so many other lovely letters arrived that we were almost totally overwhelmed one was from Ruthie and Harry Ketchum of New York State,

who were to become among our greatest friends and supporters of the system. Over the years, Ruthie and Harry visited us twice here in the UK as well as many other members all over the world.

Unfortunately, Harry has since passed on to the land of perpetual summer, but just before his departure, we received the 100th letter from him and Ruthie.

As time went by, we found ourselves in contact with more and more enthusiastic naturists, from such places as Australia, South Africa, Hawaii, Brazil and even a few dozen from around the UK. All with different lifestyles and enjoying their naturism in so many different ways.

A good few couples are actually nude in their everyday lives. Working and doing everything without even a thought of dressing, other than when they need to visit the local town. One pair don't bother dressing even when local people call in to see them, and everyone got used to them being natural.

We are still in regular contact with a few other original correspondents, but in general, those exchanges petered out after one or two years, they having found other, maybe less busy people to write to. One couple that we got to know in the early days were George and Beckie in America who were at that time only recently married.

Subsequent letters reported that Beckie was pregnant, now they have four children and are still writing interesting letters to us, like members of our family, though we have still never met them.

As our circle of exciting and interesting correspondents built up during those first months, we started telling our friends about each others and then they began writing amongst themselves. Within only a couple of months things had developed beyond recognition and Veal Johnson, being an accomplished computer operator too, had started a list of the names and addresses of the correspondents. He wrote to us and said that he was going to formalise everything and call it The Network asking us to be the international co-ordinators for our side of the world.

With a global logo and the caption 'naturists talking to naturists', very soon he was writing to every naturist organisation that he could find around the US and other parts of the world, telling them about The Network and inviting people to join us.

The first Directory of Members was issued in late 1979 and contained about 100 names and addresses. At that time it came free to members. Then, as now, to get a copy of the Directory, one has to be listed



Constantly updating the files.



Not all work ...

in it, which is only fair really. At that time, everyone either knew all of the other members or someone who did, and it was all so easy to administer.

I must say that Veal and Leanna did a valiant job recruiting members in some of the most unlikely places, and over the following years until the mid-'80s the system grew progressively to about the size it is now.

While we were acting as the international co-ordinators for the UK and Europe, Don and Nancy were covering Canada, Jim and Mary covered Australia, New Zealand and the world east of India and to the west of Hawaii. Veal and Leanna were the central co-ordinators and took care of the USA and all other parts of the world.

Our function was to do what we could to bring the organisation to the attention of naturists, and to encourage them to take up the offer of membership, which had to be of benefit to them and to naturism in general.

In around 1985, Veal and Leanna were involved in a clothing optional condominium scheme in Houston, which was a great concept that everyone hoped would spread to other parts of the world, and there was talk of developing one in London. This project took up too much of their time and for a while it looked as though The Network may fall apart, while Pauline and I made preparations to take over running the whole system.

Too much work had been put in by too many people to let it die, and as so many people appreciated what was being done, we were determined to keep it going - at whatever cost.

In 1986 Pauline and I took over as central co-ordinators, and though it was a

PROFILE OF THE MEMBERSHIP

Naturists listed as members of The Network are couples, families and singles of both sexes who represent just about every known variation on the naturist lifestyle. The members live in countries where the people demand the right to spend their leisure time without clothing.

In many countries, to be nude is illegal and in others nudity is perfectly acceptable. This reflects on the popularity of naturism, but even in repressive countries, individuals and small groups of people meet in places where they can safely strip off to relax and enjoy themselves nude. Where there is a will there is a way.

Because naturism is a sensuous lifestyle, and its followers enjoy being nude and being "with other nude people, they quite naturally like to share other people's experiences.

"The Network" has many members who spend their whole lives without clothes, and there are others who are only able to go nude on holiday, or on rare visits to faraway nude beaches and clubs. For these, the link with other members, is very important. For the majority of members, the exchange of photographs is important too, not only so they can see what your correspondents and their normal surroundings look like, but sometimes things appear in photographs that the photographer didn't realise may be of interest to others.

Very often things can be seen in photographs which can lead to greater understanding of other people and their naturism. What is commonplace to someone living in Australia,

fully effective system, we made a few changes to the way it was operated to make it easier for the members to use it and for us to run it. We felt it was important that as new people joined, the copy of the Directory they received should carry their details, to ensure that it was bang up to date.

The aim of the system has always been to provide a platform for worldwide naturist communications. It enables naturists to get to know about the lifestyles of others from many different countries, and helps them to get more out of naturism as well as establishing many really great friendships.

When we started out so long ago, we had no idea that the system would develop as well as it has. Even during the earlier years some of the members were visiting their friends, both local and some quite distant, and now we are constantly hearing stories about members jetting off to some pretty exotic places around the world to spend a nude holiday with other members.

A few years back, Pauline and I went to meet a couple of new members in Malta where we met some of their friends and were shown their nude beaches. A while later we went along to visit a member in

southern Italy who owns his own naturist club. Here we met lots of really nice people from many parts of Europe.

This year we enjoyed a visit to the Holy Land, when nudists walked the streets of Jerusalem, Haifa, Tel Aviv and Jaffa - clothed of course, but not on the lovely nude beaches though.

Later, we visited several member couples in the south of France, both ones who had taken up residence there and others who have bought holiday places. It was interesting to see them making good use of their membership as it can be quite lonely out of season. It could dull the pleasure of owning your own naturist place in the sun, when the 'gay holidaymakers' are all at home busily working and saving for next year's trip to the sun.

At our home, we have entertained some of the world's most dedicated nudists and in the last couple of years have seen people from New Zealand, Brazil, Singapore, the USA, France and Belgium, as well as lots of members from other parts of the UK.

Next year's plans are beginning to come together now. We have an unattached man



United naturists of the world.



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... and meet new people.




Maybe more will follow.



A great way to exchange ideas.

from Reading whom we are looking forward to seeing at our home, and another one from London. In June, members arrive here from Darwin in the Northern Territories of Australia, spending a few days with us and then moving on to be with other correspondents in the UK before going on to Canada.

Some members are fortunate enough to be jet-setters able to visit members in exotic, faraway places. Most members are content to keep up their correspondence with one or two other members, always in the hope that circumstances will transport them, willingly, to see some of their distant friends.

But, each member of The Network holds the key to a fabulous future, either with friends living reasonably nearby, or ones who live on the other side of the world. 

or some other equally faraway place, will be unusual and interesting to people from Europe and this can often lead to interesting exchanges between the members.

Members of The Network are in their early twenties to late retirement and are singles, couples and families. Many of them have dozens of friends all over the world through the system, and spend much of their time writing to them. Others have only one or two correspondents, who they write to about once each month.

In line with many people from every walk of life, our members have a great interest in other people and enjoy knowing them, but also, as with other people, if the letters they receive are lacking in interest they will be reluctant to write back.

Rarely does a week go by without Pauline and I receiving a letter from some member or other telling us about how much they are enjoying their membership, and how glad they are that they joined us. So many people are keen to know other like-minded naturists and so it makes good sense to take the opportunities that are offered through this unique system, The Network.

Also available is the *International Nudist Bed and Breakfast and Accommodation Registry*. This contains details of overnight and longer stay accommodation as well as smaller, less formal naturist resorts that are available in countries covered by The Network and any other naturist locations requiring a mention.

At the moment, the Directory has 56 pages of details of members in 52 countries around the world, and is constantly being updated.

Sometimes when you get stuck in a rut you need to
ESCAPE FROM THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

Caroline's job in the city wasn't getting her much satisfaction. She needed a new challenge - which came from an unexpected encounter.

'Escape from the concrete jungle' sounds pretty dramatic, doesn't it? Well, it was.

Up until very recently I was in London, otherwise known as The Big Smoke, and appropriately named it is too. I work as a shipping clerk for one of the big shipping companies operating out of the city.

But have you ever had that feeling that getting up, going to work, coming back from work, eating and going to bed is the sum total of your existence? I did.

I suppose it wasn't helped by the fact that my long-time lover had decided to treat me like a part of the wallpaper. Are you starting to get the picture?

How about a nice long massage.





How old did you say you were?



Tie me up, tie me down, now what was that film called?

Basically I was in a living hell, just going from one day to the next in the same mundane pattern, hoping that somehow, something would arise that would suddenly make everything better.

Well, strangely enough, it did. It happened in the form of a tall, dark, handsome man nearly running me over on his bike. I had just come out of Marks and Spencers, carrying my usual shopping (even that was boring) and was about to cross the road.

I just couldn't be bothered to walk all the way up to the pedestrian crossing, so I decided to take a short cut across the main road. Well, a bike came ploughing into me, and I was caught in a flurry of arms, legs and potatoes. The arms and legs tried to disentangle themselves and were successful eventually. They turned into something rather ravishing when one ignored the grazed knees and the angry expression.

As soon as I looked at him, I just went weak at the knees. But rather than coming out with anything coherent, I started crying. The angry expression immediately changed to a contrite one, and I found these gorgeous eyes looking at me in the deepest concern.

That was it, I decided that I wanted to speak to him to find out who he was. Looking back on it now, the whole thing seems so ridiculous. I asked him if he would like to

come for a coffee, my way of apologizing, and prolonging the conversation of course.

He came, still gazing at me with a worried kind of frown on his face. And then we started talking. Maybe it was the shock that loosened my tongue, or maybe it was just the fact that I was talking to a complete stranger, but everything just came flooding out, my mundane life, my unhappiness, how I just wanted to do something with my life, to change something.

Then he dropped the bombshell. He told me the reason he wasn't cycling particularly carefully was he had had a huge row with his girlfriend. She had thrown the holiday he had booked for them back in his face, and he had stormed out. What made it worse was that they were supposed to be off tomorrow, so he didn't have a hope in hell of getting a refund for the ticket.

Well, it boiled down to this. He had one ticket going spare for two weeks at the Vera Playa naturist resort in Spain. Naturist? What was naturism? But he explained to me this would be the ideal opportunity to do something different, to assert myself and my personal freedom.

Can you imagine the situation – a total stranger offering me this opportunity. But as I said, I was just waiting for something to happen, and I reasoned that I would be a



You need a shave.



So you wanted to get away did you?



Now, I'm sure you said it was that big ...

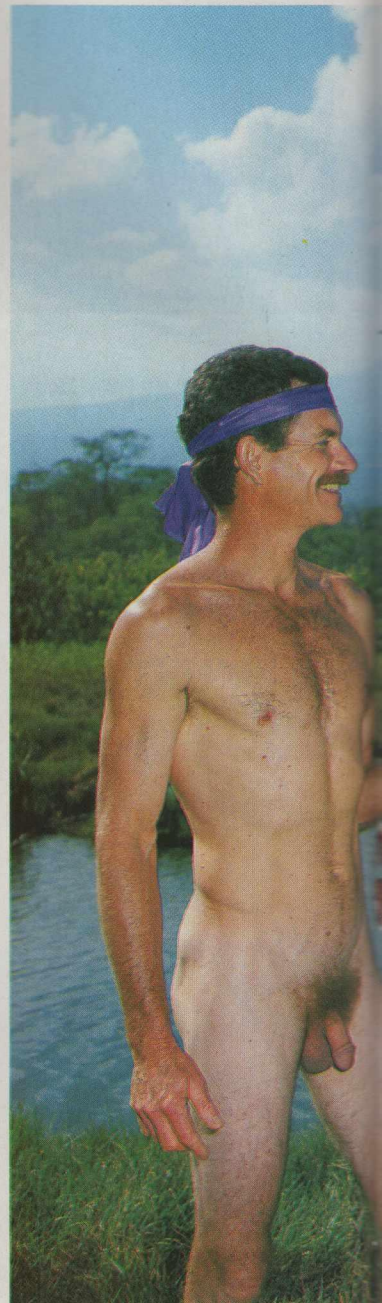
**As soon as
I looked
at him, I
just went
weak at
the knees.
But rather
than
coming
out with
anything
coherent, I
started
crying.**



Pure heaven.

Whoops-a-daisy!

**Naturism
and Peter
have
given me
a whole
new lease
of life, I
feel as if
I'm 20
again.**



fool if I didn't take him up on it. So I said yes!

When I got home I told Jeff, my boyfriend, that I was going on holiday with a friend and started getting things ready. Our relationship had deteriorated to such a degree that I don't think he really cared where I was going. I got to the airport bright and early the next day, and when I saw this beautiful man coming towards me my heart just flipped, and to be honest it's been doing somersaults ever since.

Naturism and Peter (that's his name by the way) have given me a whole new lease of life, I feel as if I'm 20 again. This is basically why I sent in the photographs. I want to share my happiness with everybody. It's never too late!



Info for first timers, phone 0891 112534

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I think that must be an old fertility symbol.



Come and join us.



Happiness is ...

SUE'S SIX WHEEL HOTEL

A holiday home in the south of France is the dream of many of us. But what do you do when you haven't got much money? Susan Mayfield pulled out all the stops, put her persuasive powers to work on her friends, and ended up with a mini-chateau on wheels. Here's the full story.

It all started when I was visiting my friends Carol and Joe at Le Petit Moulin near Narbonne last Easter. Their bed and breakfast farmhouse is surrounded by fields for camping; but in the distance was another property – and we'd heard it was for sale. "Susan, you've got to buy it," Carol said enthusiastically. "Then we'll be neighbours."

Well, it would have been wonderful. The house had three bedrooms and a garage, and the land consisted of two vineyards, fields, orchards, garden and river frontage. As it joined with Carol and Joe, we could have had the most beautiful and unique naturist place – all English – in that part of France. The only snag was, I didn't have £55,000 saved up.

But I did have £500.

So I decided to buy a second-hand caravan and tow it down to the south of



Posing for p

France. Carol and Joe said I could leave it on their land for the season and they would keep an eye on it for me. I'd be able to go there any time with friends, and take advantage of cheap ferry tickets by going at odd times of the year.

Some friends poured scorn on my idea. "You'll never tow a van with your little Ford Escort."

They were just jealous. I checked all the relevant weights of vehicles and vans, and eventually chose a little 10 foot caravan that came with a brand new awning. After all, the weather is that much kinder in France, you can live in the awning.

It's not like caravanning holidays in England, where you end up huddling indoors in the rain, making endless cups of tea and trying to keep the kids quiet with colouring books.

Although only 10 feet long, my little Sprite was well designed. A table dropped under the long window to make a double bed, and just inside the door was another small table that dropped to make a single bed.

Above it were the fixings for a child's hammock-type bunk. In between these, two flaps opened out to make a spacious kitchen area, including a sink with drainer (even a



Posing for photographs with the house in the background.



Photographs with the house in the background.



Carol and Joe on their drinks terrace in front of the house.

dinky rack for the knives and forks) and a water pump, a gas cooker with two rings and a grill, and a gas fridge.

I knew that people would sleep and cook in the van, but leave the beds down, because there would be living space in the awning and also outside the van. I also had a sun-lounger which could double as a camp-bed if anyone was prepared to sleep in the awning. All this meant the tiny van could sleep a family of up to five, or three singles sharing.

Then I had to equip my lovely van. I chose all my best china, an elegant coffee-pot, a carafe for the wine.

This was going to be gracious living, château-style, in our tiny caravan! I decided to leave some of the bulky items to purchase in France, instead of increasing the weight for towing by getting them in England.

It was just as well, because I got a call from Joe.

"I've still got a central heating system back home," said Joe. "Do you know anybody with a van who'll be interested in bringing it down for me?"

I rang all my friends in the region and Jim said that I could take it down in my Peugeot Estate.

"But," I hesitated, "If we found someone with a van they could tow my caravan as

well."

"I could tow your caravan as well."

"In that little estate, loaded down with radiators?"

"Yes," Jim said.

God loves a trier, they say, so Jim went to look at the heating system and I went to buy him a tow-bar. I was convinced everything would be too heavy, especially as naturist friend Brian wanted to come on the trip.

"Have you got a car-load?" Brian asked.

"Yes," I said. I didn't tell him his companion on the back seat would be a central heating boiler.

Departure day arrived. Jim turned up, loaded down, so his wheel rims were one millimetre off the wheels.

"We'll balance the weight by putting the radiators in the caravan," he said.

I was still not sure all this was a good idea,

**"YOU'LL NEVER TOW
ANYTHING WITH JUST A FORD
ESCORT," THEY SAID. HA!**

but the ferry tickets had been booked. So everything was loaded up and, with the A-frame an inch from the ground, we tentatively pulled the van up the drive, with me waving arms at rush hour traffic, and onto the main road.

The next day found us zooming along, without a care in the world, to our first overnight stop at Chez Martin, near Angoulême.

The kilometre-long track to Chez Martin is a little rutted, so we went very slowly as we could hear the jockey wheel hitting the road. When we arrived, we found the courtyard was gravel laid on ordinary earth, which was a little soft after a lot of recent rain. So we stopped, unloaded the radiators to leave them in the barn, and pulled the caravan by hand into the yard, putting blocks under the legs and the wheels.

At a petrol station, I was alarmed to see that the jockey wheel was square on one side and leaving a black rubber track down the road!

"I'll reload the radiators," said Jim and opened the caravan door to be greeted by a shower of glass. Someone had left a cupboard door open and all the Pyrex glass dinner plates (unbreakable - ha!) had fallen out, landed on the metal radiators and gloriously smashed. So we rechecked the jockey wheel to find it had been hauled into the A-frame facing the wrong way, and thus was just that half-inch closer to the road.

At last we got on the motorway, which

seemed endless, especially as it was slightly uphill. Before we knew it, it was 9 pm. Our navigator (me) misread the map at Lezignan-Corbières, so we did a wonderful tour of their wine-making factories.

We finally turned into Carol and Joe's drive, to find it even rougher than the other one. Joe had come out, rather worried, to look for us, and guided us in, positioning the wheels so nothing fell in the ruts and jammed the underside of the van.

We'd arrived! A wonderful supper was waiting - but so was that broken glass. We unloaded the radiators and cleaned the glass out in the dark, leaving the travel-weary van in the drive while we ate and then fell into our sleeping bags, too tired and tipsy to notice the odd shard sticking in our backs as we slept.

The next day we chose the best position for our mini-château, opposite the house, with its back to the border with the other

We spent the rest of the holiday doing all the things one does at Le Petit Moulin: visiting local villages, eating at a superb pizzeria and sunbathing naked down by the river.

property and surrounded by Joe's flower beds. We cleaned the van out thoroughly, went up the road to the garage (with café-bar) to get some gas, bought some groceries at a wonderful mountain village called Bize and picnicked on a blanket in the sun.

We put up the awning, borrowed an extension lead from Joe for the electricity, got our first touch of sunburn and sat chatting on the terrace with Carol's other guests, drinking the local rosé, until well into the early hours. The naturist life was already embracing us with magic.

But the next day was work again. Jim and Brian, my naturist companions, were absolute paragons of male practicality as they cheerfully set to work, doing all the mechanical things with the van, and their fair share of cooking and washing-up. It's far more fun holidaying with friends on a co-operative basis than being a wife or mother expected to wait on everybody.

We decided to go shopping for essentials for the caravan, and made a list for such things as bedding, connectors, electricity plugs, food, new plates and a picnic set of table and chairs. It was obviously sensible to shop on the way home, so first we visited the naturist beach at St Pierre near Narbonne Plage, stopping at a sea food restaurant for mussels and more rosé. Thus we were hot, tired and replete in the supermarket.

Still, we had the picnic set and were able to breakfast the next morning, in full sunshine, in nude comfort, pouring coffee from an elegant percolator into elegant china cups - just as I'd dreamed back in the UK. My mini-château was all set up and I was content. Who needs £55,000? We'd had fun to that value already. We really felt like kings of the castle.

We spent the rest of our holiday doing all the things one does at Le Petit Moulin. We visited local villages, ate at a superb pizzeria Joe had found to take his customers to, walked along the beautiful Canal du Midi, sunbathed naked down by the river, taking photos of Carol and anyone else who didn't mind, ate wonderful meals with superb local wines (they don't give you a hangover like other wines) and talked deep into the night, putting the world to rights.

A video of this holiday is available for £10 from "Caravan", Natural Leisure, PO Box 65, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, LU7 8TJ, Tel 0525 373968. Available from the same address are details of the caravan if you want to book it, or share a holiday with other naturists on a self-drive basis.

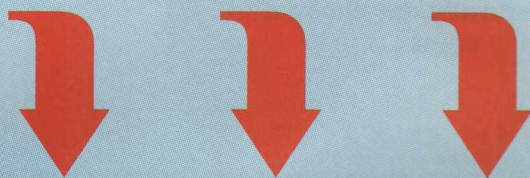
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naturally yours,

Mike Herring

Mike Herring LBIPP (professional naturist photographer)

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Loony Ballooning

Not content with scouring every inch of the land, Robbert Broekstra has taken to the skies in his search for naked adventure. Naturally, he chose a balloon flight. Here's how the day went ...

During the past years ballooning has become quite popular. There are many balloon festivals throughout the Netherlands, and also in countries like Belgium, France, England, with flights even over the Alps in Switzerland.

Most flights in The Netherlands last about 75 minutes and are quite costly. A flight for one person costs \$200 but gets cheaper when you have a party of four.

Very often flights are postponed or cancelled on account of weather conditions. So one always has to have alternative dates when planning such an event.

At balloon festivals the balloons have all kinds of shapes. It may be a cow, a beer bottle, a car, a strawberry, even a dinosaur!

Thousands of people come to see hot air balloons take off and of course, the landing is also exciting to see.

Often balloons try to land at a spot which takes some time to reach. Farmers sometimes get mad, but they always have a little present for the owners of the ground they land on.

Balloons are very expensive. They cost \$30,000 to \$40,000 each and last only 300 to 400 hours. The average height a balloon can reach is between 100 and 500 metres, but they can go much higher. The distance covered depends much on the wind and varies from 20 to 50 kilometres.

The first nude balloon flight over Europe took place on Naturist World Day weekend in May and was organised by the Friends of Nature photographers club. At first only two people were going to be let up, but another couple had heard about this flight and wanted to join. A colourful balloon was picked out called The Rainbow.

Three balloon companies

were approached and none of them had problems with taking naturists in the sky. We picked a company not far from Utrecht and, as the date came closer speculation was mounting as to what kind of weather the group was going to have.

The evening before, we had to call the flight centre to hear about the conditions for the next morning, and as weather conditions are best during early morning or early evening, we picked a morning flight at 5.45.

The weather was going to be fairly good, and indeed when I got up that morning the sky was blue, but closer to Utrecht the sky grew dark and it started to rain.

The rain continued on but there was only a little wind. A call was made to the national weather station. And they said the rain would stop in about one hour, and it did.

While the balloon was set up we found a very pretty garden behind the castle with hundreds of rhododendrons, an ideal spot to take some photos.

The balloon had taken off. We followed the lead car, shadowing it so we could take photos along the route.

One hour and 10 minutes later, the balloon landed at a grass field on hospital grounds. It took about 15 minutes to find this spot, missing the landing point which was a pity, but that seems to happen quite often.

Everyone had a great time above. Their reaction was: "It's so peaceful, you only hear and feel the wind, but it was cool when we went through a cloud, quite a sensation. We had the time of our life."

Due to little wind that day, a distance of only 10 kilometres was covered.

After the flight, the pilot opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate, and gave us a certificate to commemorate our first flight.





BLOW-UP DOLLS IN MAMMARY MELTDOWN SHOCK

A warm-blooded welcome once again to Boris's dungeon of depravity, as we rip the flesh off more juicy morsels from the world's press.

First off, a subject close to the Hatchet's heart - death. If you'd care to follow me out of the freezing February ice and into the warming heat of California, I'll entertain you with a wonderful tale of decomposing breasts from *Gallery* magazine.

It appears that some of my partners in the American cremating business are having a hard time disposing of all those pumped-up harpies who, during their sad little lives, succumbed to the surgeon's knife to have a few pounds of silicon inserted into their inadequate chests.

The problem has arisen because silicon doesn't burn like the rest of the body - it melts. "The gooey mess has to be scraped off the fireroom floor with a chisel," lamented one fed-up funeral operator.

"One woman we had in here had so much silicon in her chest that I thought my entire facility was going to blow up. It smelled horrible and scared the living daylight out of me. There's going to be a heck of an accident if we don't do something soon."

The problem has reached its twin peaks in southern California, where boob jobs have become virtually compulsory, not only for vacuous little starlets, but for the average housewife and her mother too.

Lobbyists for funeral operators say they want it indicated on death certificates whether the deceased damsel had had breast implants. Should give the morgue necros hours of squelchy fun if nothing else.

HUNG, DRAWN and

THE OLDEST RECRUITS TO THE OLDEST PROFESSION?

Over in Taiwan, two women also desired a course of pubic relations. According to reports, the women, both a sprightly 78, were in such desperate need of sex that they decided to embark upon a career in prostitution.

Despite the prevalence of poverty in the country, they didn't do it for the money but to fill the void left by the death of their husbands.

One woman had been left in a "comfortable financial state" following her spouse's demise and went "on the game" to quell the resulting boredom. The other said she felt so lonely after the loss of her mate that she used her new clients as a substitute.

The old dears' new career was short-lived however, as within days they'd both been arrested. Interestingly, police, who'd pulled in over a 1,000 whores in just a few months, revealed that 50 of them were over 60 years of age.

HASTY BURIALS

ROCK SOLID

French doctors have come up with a concrete cure for the common problem of backache - they're injecting a type of cement into damaged bones in the spine to make them stronger. Rumours that the Irish intend to jump on the bandwagon by redeploying roving tarmac gangs are entirely unfounded.

DOING IT EVERY NIGHT KEEPS YOU SEXY

More amazing research from America has revealed that brushing your teeth every night not only gives you a sparkling smile, but makes your wedding tackle shine as well by increasing testosterone levels in men by around 10 per cent. Dental nurses in tight, crisp uniforms have the same effect on me...

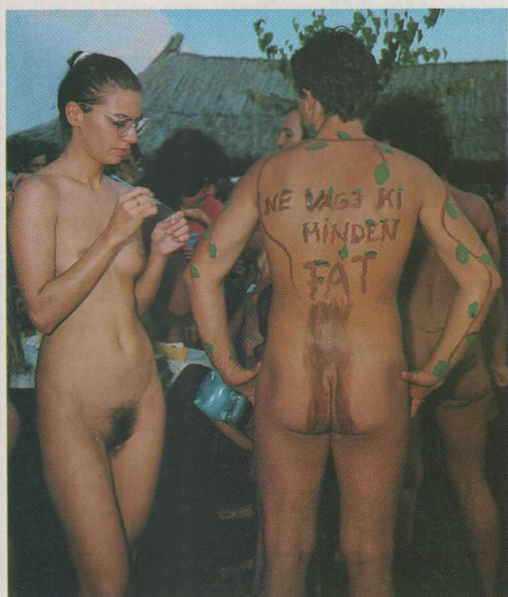


Californian dolls get pumping.



Nations tremble as Boris Hatchet and the Hounds From Hell launch the 1994 Read 'Til You Bleed tour including the much enjoyed ripping and stripping.

QUOTED



B faced cheek, Bratislaven-style.

BAD TASTE BUMS RAPPED IN BRATISLAVA

The use of 'risqué' advertising (usually to flog incredibly mundane products) has once again whipped the straight 'n' narrow brigade into a lather, this time in Slovakia.

A number of roadside billboards, displayed in Bratislava and other cities, showed a young man pressing his bottom against that of an older man. It carried the heading "New For Old".

The advertisement was for a lottery that offered a new apartment as first prize.

The billboard became a hot topic of conversation around the city and created a fair bit of reaction amongst those who objected to it. One angry letter writer called the picture "the paramount of primitiveness and bad taste".

HOBO WITH EXPLOSIVE BOTTOM HALTS BUS

Anyone with a mobile phone will be aware of

the need for good diction and clarity of speech when conversing against intrusive background noise. Charles Boyer, a Greyhound bus driver in Maryland, USA didn't appreciate it but certainly does now.

The trouble started when a 61-year-old homeless man crept onto the bus at a stop in Baltimore and stowed away in the bathroom.

A woman passenger noticed the cowering figure during the trip and mentioned to the person next to her that there was a "bum in the bathroom".

The message was repeated up the aisle and, by the time it reached Boyer in the driver's seat, sounded like "there's a bomb in the bathroom".

Boyer slammed on the brakes, passengers fled for the door and the state police, who'd been alerted, swooped in. The cops closed the highway's southbound lanes for two hours, causing a 15 mile tailback while they conducted a complete search of the vehicle for explosives.

The misunderstanding was eventually sorted out and the hapless hobo was charged with 'misdemeanour theft'.

He's lucky he wasn't on the London Underground, where captured fare-dodgers are locked in a tube station toilet, without food or water, until they come up with ten fresh excuses LU can use for their trains being delayed.

DID THE EARTH MOVE FOR YOU DARLING?

After ignoring repeated warnings that their homes could plunge into the sea, six 'hippies' living in a former nudist camp on a crumbling 200ft cliff on the Isle of Wight have finally decided to move.

A major landslide, which caused a 60-foot section of the cliff to plunge into the sea, finally persuaded the four men and two women to retreat.

SIGN-UP FOR A COURSE IN PR - PUBIC RELATIONS

An advert placed in the *Daily Express* recently probably had hacks reaching for their telephones quicker than a tip-off that Lord Lucan had been spotted, alive and well and living in a council flat in Dagenham with Elvis.

According to the text, the grandly named London School of Public Relations in South Kensington were offering "A fifteen week evening course (*the ad's spelling, not mine*) of tutition (*as opposed to tuition*) and a comprehensive introduction to pubic (*not an 'l' in sight*) relations."

If you could successfully complete the course they would give you a diploma and, presumably, an increased chance of a sub-editor's job on the *Daily Express*.

A red-faced *Express* spokesman later admitted full responsibility for the cock-up.

I'm convinced, however, that running a Pubic Relations course would be the easiest way to a luxury Bali beach hut and a life of superannuated indolence. Can anyone lend me the price of a seventh floor broom cupboard off Hammersmith Broadway for a generous cut?

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Addicted to STRIPPING

Thomas Raven just can't keep his clothes on. Whether it's day or night, sunny or snowing, you'll find him naked. Keep your eyes open and you'll probably see him. Here's why he does it.

In some respects I'm a perfectly normal naturist. I think so anyway, but others probably don't. I visit naturist clubs occasionally, spend my holidays on the continent if funds permit or in the UK if they don't, and generally going nude as much as possible.

But in other respects it's probably safe to say I'm not quite like other naturists. I like to hunt out places where I can strip off, even if only for a few minutes. Woods, beaches, parks, mountain tops, in fact, anywhere.

I'm a naturism addict, addicted to stripping off in all manner of places. Let me give you an example.

Recently, a relative asked me to decorate the living-room at their house when they were on holiday. The work took two days to complete and I was able to do the entire job in the nude. Although I was badly in need of a shower afterwards.

I stayed overnight and was able to walk naked about the extensive garden after dark - it was too exposed during the day. I even managed a swim, a very cold but refreshing swim, in the river that runs along the edge of the garden.

It's amazing where you can strip off. All that's required is a little thought beforehand. Take your workplace, for example.

I'm lucky in that I work from home, and can spend my day working naked at the computer. However, even if you work in an office and you're alone when doing a spot of overtime, you may be able to strip off.

Ask yourself, what are the chances of anyone coming in? Can you hear them coming and have you enough time to get dressed? The bathroom is often a good base to work from, because you can lock the door while you dress and undress. But don't go naked at work if it could cost you your job!

If you go walking or cycling, look for a secluded spot when you stop for lunch, and strip off. You'll be surprised how many such places can be found: behind a wall or a clump of trees, in long grass or on the top of a hill. Even in winter with snow on the ground, a secluded sunny spot can be warm enough for total nudity.

Even in the middle of the town or city, there are places where you can strip off during the lunch hour. Changing rooms in department stores are a good example.

The humble motor car also provides a mobile shelter for nudity, especially after



Should be safe here ...

dark. You can drive in the nude almost anywhere you want. It just depends how daring you are. A busy city centre takes a lot of nerve but the countryside is the best. Great in an open-topped car in summer!

Hill walkers often have the best opportunities for naturism. How many times have you returned from a walk not having seen a single soul all day?

Did you realise that entire walk could have been done in the nude? Weather permitting, of course. Just keep a pair of shorts and T-shirt handy to slip into if required.

As much as I enjoy nudity inside, stripping off in the great outdoors is always the ultimate experience. No matter how often I do it, each time always feels as good as the first.

As my naturist diary would reveal, if you were allowed to read it, I try to get outdoors as much as possible, even on days when it's raining. Let me tell you about one day in particular.

It wasn't the type of day where outdoor nudity could be considered normal, the sky was a dirty grey colour and the showers were heavy and frequent. There was absolutely no chance of getting sunburn!

Despite the inclement October weather,

I did manage an enjoyable hour exposing my naked person to the elements.

So how did I do it in view of the type of day it was? Well, apart from the rain, there was little, if any, wind and the temperature was around 15 degrees.

Not too bad for a brief excursion between showers. After a little thought regarding wind direction, I knew just the spot where I could go for a nude walk and still remain warm.

Another good point about this weather was that it kept people indoors. There was unlikely to be anyone at the young conifer plantation I had it in mind to visit.

Having been naked indoors all week, it felt silly to put clothes on just to walk out to the car for the 10 minute drive to the plantation, but sometimes it's wiser to conform, if only a little. And it keeps the neighbours from complaining.

Arriving at the lay-by that serves as a car park, I had the place to myself. Unfortunately the main road was only yards away and I was clearly visible from it. I would need to wear something to get into the wood.

I decided to use the old cagoule-with-nothing-underneath trick. Basically, all you need is a cagoule long to cover your bare bum and you don't wear anything under it. It can be easily taken off and put on again.

When out of sight of the road I removed my cagoule. It was a little on the cool side for nudity but I would soon warm up as I walked.

Although I was fairly confident that I would not be disturbed, I still kept a watchful eye out for forestry workers or the odd dog walker.

Later I watched a female roe deer for about 10 minutes, as she fed on the lush grass. Not wanting to disturb her, I retreated back to the gravel road and returned to the car.

One of the things about going naked outdoors is the thrill of being naked where you shouldn't in public. And the excitement of not knowing who might be round the next corner adds to the feeling. Perhaps that's why it's so addictive!



For more information about centres and beaches in Britain

ring 0891 112531

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ON THE HORIZON

Aries (20 March - 20 April)

There won't be much peace and quiet for you as the communication planets conjoin. You'll be talking your way into all kinds of schemes and ventures, and your brainwaves are ones that should be followed. (Even the indoor nudism ones.)

Taurus (21 April - 21 May)

Even practical Taureans may find themselves dreaming of romantic escapades in faraway places, particularly around the end of the month. Couldn't some of your hard-earned cash be diverted - to Bali, for instance?

Gemini (22 May - 21 June)

You will probably find yourself being fired up over the most far-flung ideas at the moment. But this mood, as all, will pass over for something newer, more original and different. And of course, you'll do anything to avoid stagnation.

Cancer (22 June - 22 July)

Men especially may find themselves heading towards permanence, or even marriage, or at least your

Yours stars for February by Estella Lawrence

thoughts will be. But do keep romance in the air - and don't get bogged down with thoughts of mortgages and insurance plans.

Leo (23 July - 23 August)

The full moon in your sign could signify the end of this dilemma between the lure of the new and exciting, and the comfort of home. You might not even have to choose, but find a compromise for all.

Virgo (24 August - 23 September)

All the excitement that's been happening at home will start to die down now, and you'll be able to tidy up your life, and start making lists again. It could be a lucky time on the home front though, so wise speculation could be in order.

Libra (24 September - 23 October)

A problem aired is a problem shared. That's the best advice anyone can give you this month. Don't keep it to yourself or you'll never get your life back into balance.

Scorpio (24 October - 22 November)

Your special insight into other people's motives will be of particular value, as people around you start to get fired up about things that belong to you. Stick to your instincts and don't give anything away.

Sagittarius (23 November - 21 December)

You may actually find time to stop and look at the scenery this month. As much as you enjoy galloping

ahead in life, there's always good reason to ponder occasionally and enjoy the journey.

Capricorn (22 December - 20 January)

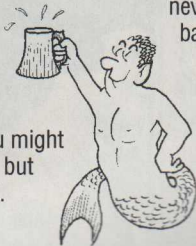
What do you truly believe in? What do you find beautiful? Do you really love that person? These are all questions that may occur to you as Venus, the planet of love enters your own birth sign. Listen to your own answers.

Aquarius (21 January - 18 February)

Mercury's backward steps in your own sign could provoke some things to suddenly cut out or veer off in strange directions. You, of all people, should be able to cope, as long as you plan for the unexpected.

Pisces (19 February - 19 March)

You might endure some pretty weird dreams this month, but whilst they may indicate the shape of things to come, the reality will be pretty unrecognisable when it happens. Keep hopeful: our life cycle is a precious one.



Happy birthday
Aquarius

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MEN

Carl 33 naturist, 6' muscular build, quite good looking. Seeks genuine friendship with like minded couples/females. Yorkshire/Tyne Tees area, complete discretion. MB No 95586

Male 32 easygoing, inexperienced, young looking, own flat London. Invited voyeurs or exhibitionists. Age and sex immaterial to visit. Can also travel. MB No 95789

Single male 50, 5'8", own home and car. Lives alone, can travel or accommodate. Lancashire. MB No 95789

Male 28 very very tall, tanned, blonde in good shape, goes to gym. Looking for couple, married/ single, but trusting and close. Very discreet, lives in London. MB No 95879

Male 30, lives in London. Tall, short blonde hair, looking for couple, any age. Wants to broaden mind. MB No 95880

Male 32 professional, like to meet any couples/females, any nationality, for adult fun, discretion assured. Willing to travel. MB No 95889

Andy from Lincoln 38, does anybody know who the girl is on the right in the picture opposite Page 3 of Volumes 95 of H&E, if so could you let me know. MB No 95957

Andy 38, looking for introduction to naturism. Can anyone help me?. MB No 95955

Steve 35, 6', looking for either single females/couples to have fun with. Nothing heavy, just to enjoy each other's company. MB No 96089

Male 31 Hampshire. Partly shaven. Looking for couples/singles for nude fun. Will pose for pictures etc. anything nude is fine. MB No 96096

Naturist male, 33, seeks

naturist friends, males/ females/couples for nude time together indoor and out. Staffs. MB No 96445

Uninhibited broad minded male 26, wishes to meet uninhibited naturist slim females/groups/couples for naturism and adult fun. London and South East. MB No 96450

Ian 26 Southampton, own flat and car, can travel anywhere in country. Seeking ladies 18-50 odd for casual relationships. MB No 90997

South Coast, Chris 33, tall slim male, seeks lady or couples for friendship and fun. MB No 96465

Naturist male 32, seeks couples/females for relationship. South East England. Can travel 6' slim to medium build, fair hair. MB No 96474

West Cumbrian Male, mid 30s, medium build, 6', looking for couples singles for friendship and fun. MB No 96545

Alex Scotland, mid 30s, slim, naturist, uninhibited. Love to meet couples/ladies any age or colour for some fun and adventure. MB No 96754

Chis, amateur photographer seeking males/females/couples to do nude modelling. Any experience, age, size. New to photography, gaining experience. Surrey area. Cannot supply venue, willing to travel around M25. MB No 96765

Couples sought, guy 32 enjoys photography seeks couples interested in being photographed. No fees either way, just fun. Total discretion. MB No 94865

Male 25 slim, good looking, anything you need, I'll do it naked. Housework, parties, gardening, waiter. Southern area. MB No 96846

Humber side male 38, 6'4"

tall, 16 stone. Seeks broadminded female/ couple for fun times and friendship. Introduction to naturism. likes countryside, beaches and saunas. MB No 96868

Attractive male dark hair, blue eyes, GSOH, looking for couples/females for safe adult fun. MB No 96969

Barry 31 looking for slim female, attractive varied interests. Portsmouth area. MB No 96985

Paul 28 any woman interested in naturism, please ring me now. MB No 97008

Single male, 25, living in Somerset looking for friends singles/couples for adult naturist fun. MB No 97094

Male 30, 6'1", naturist for 12 years, interested in seeking likeminded lady for fun and possible relationship. MB No 97468

Slim, Eurasian male 30, recently moved to Middlesex Looking for slim lady naturist 18-30 as a companion to visit local naturist clubs. Call MB No 97655

Male 33 enjoys naturism, seeks ladies or couples for friendship and fun. Loves to pose for artists, photographers. MB No 87698

Male 5'10", slim build, enjoys naturism in UK and abroad, loves pubs and theatres, London and South East MB No 80890

Male 19, naturist for 2 yrs seeks woman 18-22 for fun and friendship. MB No 85505

Male 30 single, 6'1" well built, seeks females for fun, friendship and laughter. MB No 85786

Male 25 6'1" broad shouldered, quite muscular, looking for couple or single for friendship and laughter. MB No 85786

Sheffield Man interests, gym, karate, naturism, swimming

seeks other naturist men for friendship and holidays. MB No 87857

COUPLES

Married Couple me 35, wife 29, both enjoy naturism and go to meetings. Both open, broadminded and not shy. Would like to meet likeminded couples for possible friendship. Live between Bristol and Swansea. Would like couples in the same area if possible. MB No 97640

Couple 43 and 40 Cheltenham area. Looking for other couples to join us in naturist environments for day and evening visits. MB No 97659

Couple both 37, attractive and new to this. Seeking other couple same age or younger for good clean fun in the Sussex area. MB No 97458

Young couple in 20s, both first timers. Would like to meet couples 25-40 for friendship and adult fun. Midlands area. MB No 96557

Attractive couple seek friendship with other couples. Into massage, keeping fit, naturism, not adverse to non pushy educated single men. North Wales area. MB No 96584

Couple 20s, female inexperienced bi, seek single females for adult fun and friendship. Single Mum's welcome. All calls answered. Age and looks unimportant. Can accommodate. MB No 95946

Couple, happily married for 18 years, wife is small in height, well made etc. I'm tall, well made etc. We enjoy caravanning, going for drinks swimming etc. Looking for another couple with similar interests to enjoy the good things in life. We have no children. MB No 95559

Couple, mid 30s professional

and attractive living in S West England. Seek similar attractive young couples for friendship and fun, can accommodate. MB No 95690

Couple, young mid 40s professionals, active naturists seek other couples for friendship and adult fun. MB No 95856

GAYS/BI

Rob 26 6', fair hair, looking for likeminded naturists, male/female to have a good time. MB No 95599

Male businessman 44, naturist, 6' slim build genuine and discreet, wishes to meet gents/ladies for adult fun. Travel or accommodate. E Anglia. MB No 95686

Gay male generous energetic,

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Bi Guy, 32, seeks friends any age, enjoys posing for art or photography, can travel, genuine and discreet. SE area. MB No 96788

Gay male naturist, 35, 6', slim, seeks other males for fun, friendship and nude get togethers. West Yorks area. MB No 96889

North West Male 50s, gay, wishes to meet naturist males 25-35. Likes arts, eating out and travel. MB No 97586

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Maria Wright discovers a **Garden of Delights**



I start to lose my inhibitions.

Pete had been working for the Chumley-Browns for just over a year and had often raved about the luxury that they lived in. Around the whitewashed house, the gardens were beautiful and extensive. It was Pete's job to keep the gardens up to standard. I therefore leapt at the chance to help Pete when the family went off abroad.

The day I visited started with a glorious sunny morning. Although we were on the outskirts of London you couldn't see another house for miles, so broad were the grounds. I was overwhelmed with an intense feeling of freedom and danced across the springy, green lawn, laughing as the morning dew clung and shimmered on my dress and legs.

Pete, too, was caught up in the excitement of it all and decided to play a mischievous trick. As I came skipping back towards him I suddenly noticed that he was holding something behind his back. It was too late to flee; with a deft motion he pulled the hose from behind him and blasted me with an initially numbing, then exhilarating, shower. My screams turned to giggles as I hopped in and out of the light spray.

Carried away in the thrill of it all, I began to pull off my dripping clothes until I was dancing naked beneath the hose, enjoying the feeling of vitality as the drops kissed my flesh.

Pete suddenly became nervous at my shrieks and in a fit of responsibility decided that we had better calm down. I had other ideas; I was enjoying the warm sun and gentle breeze on my skin far too much to return to 'decency'. Taunting him with a "Catch me if you can", I ran off towards the trees.

Stopping to catch my breath in a little glade I marvelled at the liberation I was feeling: the feeling of being totally at home with one's nakedness for the first time outside of the bedroom. I felt like a wild animal of the wood, as if it were all somehow as nature intended (as indeed it is).

With a sense of peace and well-being, I headed back towards the house. Pete was pottering about, watering the plants and

Learning to be
handy with a hose.



Hoping to lead
Pete 'up the
garden path'



handling his hose with a little more decorum now. I picked up my sodden garments and lay them on the baking patio to dry. Pete smiled at me in a mixture of admiration and mild embarrassment, but I refused to be put off by his prudish tendencies.

Stretched out on the paving slabs, sunning myself, I was brought round with a shock as something warm and wet touched my leg. I sat up in surprise as one of my fellow woodland creatures rubbed itself across my side. Don't be alarmed, it was Thomas, the Chumley-Brown's pet cat.

Lying naked, the feeling of fur across my flesh gave a heightened sensation and I think I purred almost as much as Thomas as I



I may be on all fours but I'm not the



Getting in touch with my

Keeping cool in the sun is hard enough for us humans but some of the animal kingdom suffer more than most!

A well earned rest after my garden antics



one with the claws!



animal instincts





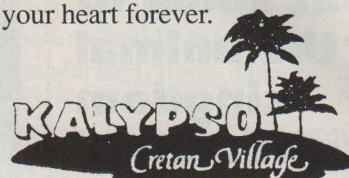
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A/c

Welcoming you to my secret garden.

I petted and pampered him.

I marvelled at how hot Thomas must be under his dense coat and concluded that humans wore clothes as we were the only mammals in the animal kingdom not to have a thick pelt. Laughing to myself, I wondered if humans did have more extensive body hair, that nudity would be considered perfectly acceptable and in fact become the norm. I couldn't see it somehow; not with the uptight British; not if prudish Pete was anything to go by.

Almost as if Pete could read my thoughts, he suddenly flung my clothes at me and announced that it was time to go. I sulkily pulled on my dress and gazed over the garden: ah, this was indeed the life. Unfortunately, I would have to marry some millionaire, or Pete would have to become head gardener at Buckingham Palace, before this dream became a reality.

As I left the garden through the iron gate, I took one look back. Thomas swaggered lazily across the ground that was now his: perhaps there was an alternative to gaining this through wealth; I could come back in the next life as a rich man's pet cat.

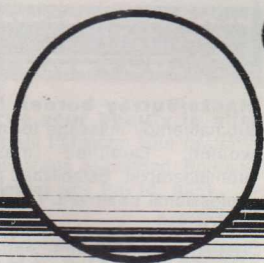


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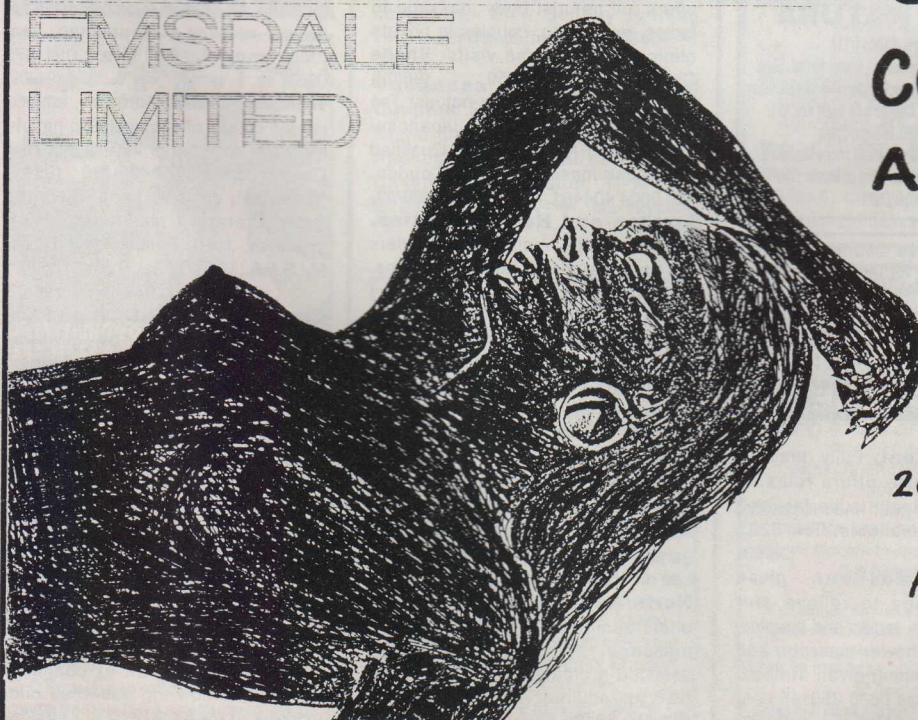
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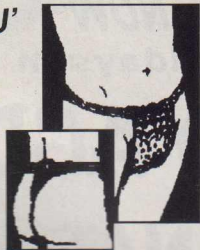
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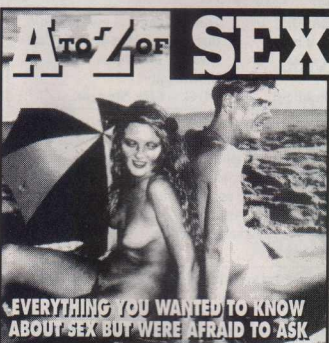
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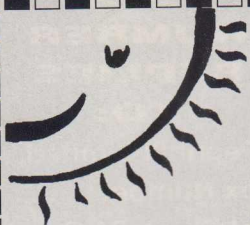
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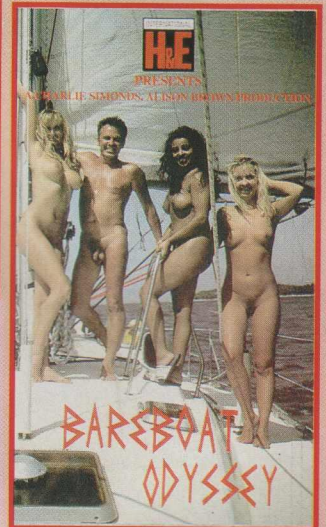
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Some like it HOT

About to blow your top? Now's your chance to let off steam

SMOOTH NEWS

The practice of depilating the pubic region appears to be on the up and up, and deservedly so. To be depilated is to be completely naked. It is a wonderful feeling.

My husband and I have been depilating for two years now. After the first stroke of the razor we overcame our worries about what our friends would say when we first went public in our new state.

We needn't have worried at all. We discovered quite a few had been thinking about depilation and had the same worries as we had overcome. They all joined our smooth group soon after.

I was encouraged by Caroline Evans' letter in a recent *H&E*. She said 50% of all members, male and female, in her club now depilate. How nice it would be to publish a photo to all these wonderful depilated bodies in *H&E*.

PAM BROWN.

Bare Bites

Your chance to write a slice of naturist life.

Send your tasty helpings to: *H&E*, 1st Floor, 64 Great Eastern Street, London EC2A 3QR.

MISFIRE?

A letter to Quickfire recently stated that the urbanization of Puerto Rey just along the coast from the excellent naturist hotel Vera Playa situated in south-east Spain was naturist.

By all means, go nude at Puerto Rey but I can guarantee that you will soon find out what the inside of a Spanish jail looks like. Puerto Rey is a 'normal' housing estate, however, between Puerto Rey and Vera Playa is a small group of villas and apartments called Natsun.

My advice in respect of this location is not to wear clothes as it just happens to be a naturist urbanization which is fronted by a 100% official naturist beach which finishes just before Puerto Rey.

When in another country you are on a package holiday seeing a very limited area or just passing and not getting 'a feel' of the place. In Quickfire (*H&E* Vol94 No 8), J & A of Perthshire make reference to the possibilities of naturism on part of the Portuguese Algarve and concludes that Portugal is inhospitable, people are downtrodden, tend to be surly, prices high and the sun hot.

Maybe J & A were on a fortnight's holiday and unlucky to meet some surly locals.

We found that Portugal was by far cheaper than any other European country including Spain. Did J & A get a bad rate of exchange for the pound to cause the remark on high prices?

We spent a fair time on the Algarve, we met many Portuguese who could not have been nicer or more helpful. A delightful race. From past experience I know that some people will appear or react to the personality of whom they are addressing.

KEN ELBORN.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Dear Naturist Friends, I've been reading *H&E* for several years now, and find it excellent.

Our first experience of naturism was last year when we visited a naturist beach in Rondée. The people were very nice.

This year, after reading Extra 2, which gave details of various holiday centres, we decided to go to Deveze in the Midi Pyrénées.

The owners, M & Mme Lautier, welcomed us and explained what life was like at the centre. They were very friendly, as were the other naturists there, and soon put us at our ease.

The centre was very nice, with a large lake for fishing and boating. The sites were set completely in the shade and the "Pizzas de Bernard" are famous.

It was with regret that we had to leave. The naturist lifestyle is wonderful. I include photos taken. Roll on next year when we will return!

M DUSSAUSSOIS, FRANCE.

WELCOME TO THE CLUB

For several years now I have stripped off in the sun in some very quiet corner, always keeping an eye open for anyone who may be around.

This year I plucked up enough courage to go to the naturist beach at Holsham in Norfolk.

My first visit was on May 1st. I felt a bit self-conscious at first (I lay on my front and fell asleep – ouch! – uncomfortable to sit down for nearly a week), but I eventually turned over. I have been there several times since, and quite enjoy reading on the beach without clothes on.

I am a divorced male of 42, and I shave off my pubic hair. I usually find a quiet spot at Holsham but I do speak to people as they pass by.

Although I don't possess one, a windbreak is a useful item to have if you cannot find shelter from the wind near the dunes.

What I would like to know is, are there any local clubs, or, is there anyone who would like to have an extra passenger to go to Holsham.

I would willingly contribute to petrol etc. Now I've started going naked on the beach I do not want to stop.

I find *H&E* excellent reading, and full of good information.

If there are no local clubs maybe some like-minded people – naturist-minded that is – females, males, couples or families would like to get together sometime.

B M, WISBECH.



Upfront French style.



Whatever your pleasure you can get it here

There are times, especially in the long winter evenings, when it's more exciting to wear something sexy than nothing at all. Like high heels, a studded leather basque and a pair of nipple clamps perhaps...

Well, for all you naturists with exotic tastes – and probably tired of sleazy sex shops and mail order rip-offs – there's a place just opened in London that aims to accommodate your wildest fantasies and give you the chance to meet like-minded folk: Whiplash Fetish Market.

Held on the second Sunday of each month at Reflex nightclub in Putney, from 1pm onwards, the Fetish Market is packed with stalls selling everything from rubber and leather S&M gear and sex toys to kinky magazines, posters and photographs.

You can also get your nipple pierced or your bottom tattooed, have a go on the submission wheel or inspect the delights of the pony cart – a very popular pastime, I'm assured, where naked women pull their master through secluded woods while he spurs her on with a rubber whip. If the sexist overtones of this leave you reeling, I suppose you simply reverse the roles.

After all that excitement you'll probably want to cool off at the bar for a while or sample some

of the delicious and very cheap food, have a chat and watch the goings-on.

The atmosphere is relaxed and welcoming, with none of the tackiness you might associate with Soho. The people, far from being a bunch of outlandish extremists, are just regular men and women with a healthy interest in an exciting and imaginative sex life.

Amongst the people I met on the day were Sandra and Clare, two 20-year-olds from nearby Richmond who'd heard about the market through friends and had decided to take a look and maybe stock up with a little party gear. "It's a fantastic idea," said Clare. "It's so good just to be somewhere where you're accepted for what you are, or what you want to be. You can try the stuff on, there's no hassle. We'll definitely come back."

So there you go. If you're stuck for something to do on a Sunday, or you're feeling a little wicked, or you simply want to surprise the old man later that night, then head down to Putney!

Whiplash Fetish Market is held at Reflex, 200b Upper Richmond Road, London SW15. Admission £2. Nearest tube: Putney Bridge. Stall pitches available, details from Nick on 071 603 4071.

DREAMS INTO REALITY

For many years I have had a dream: to create a naturist site for those who, like me, enjoy nature as much as naturism. Three years ago I met Pat, who it turned out, shared my dream. Now, together, we are actively making that dream a reality.

Having searched the

south-east of France for a suitable place, we eventually found it in the gently rolling countryside of the Charente, close to the Dordogne border.

The place was once a farm attached to a 13th-century monastery. The monastery no longer exists, but the farmhouse and



A whole new outlook on life.



What could be nicer?



Our dream's come true now.

barns are as sound as ever.

Attached are 18 acres of pasture and woodland with trees of many varieties. In a glade we have heard nightingales sing and have seen deer tracks. There are wild orchids, wild sweet peas and wild roses.

Across our fields flit swallows and many kinds of beautiful butterflies. Over it all hovers the buzzard, uttering his plaintive cry, and at night from our barns, emerge owls and bats.

The beauty and tranquillity of Chez Martin inculcate a deep sense of peace and well-being. We would like to share it with others. To that end, this winter we are fitting showers and toilets in one of our barns for campers and caravanners who, we hope, will start coming next June.

We hope *H&E* readers, who wish to relate to the quiet countryside rather than the big, crowded and expensive sites elsewhere in France, will want to come, as well as German, Dutch, French and Belgian club members.

Also near to us in the surrounding area are places of architectural and historical interest, market towns - Angoulême, Ribérac, Périgueux leisure parks with swimming pools and, almost bordering our land, the River Tude for fishing. Very close, too, are the best wine-producing and paté-making regions of this part of France.

Ralph Silvester, Chez Martin, Bors de Montmoreau, 16190 France.

*Telephone:
France 45 60 38 37.*



COCKTALES!

If you're looking for a long, stiff drink this summer, then this must be the place where everyone's hanging out...

Staff at Richardsons Bar in Park Royal, London, were rather surprised to discover that several letters from their logo had been removed by gung-ho revellers overnight. The missing letters, RICS, were found under a bush the next morning. Just as well the place wasn't called Prichardsons...

A HOT SHOT INDEED...

I would like to compliment you with regard to your Man of the Month feature in Vol 95 No 7. How refreshing to see such natural poses in an attempt to get the finished article! A novel set of photos to publish and a credit to Richard from Massachusetts.

I would also like to comment on the photo in the same issue in Hot Shots. The man in the picture with the caption "It's not all an uphill struggle" certainly had a lot more than most to carry uphill!!

As a fellow, I would like to say how I envious I am of this man!

DA, WOLVERHAMPTON.

WOULD YOU ADAM AND EVE IT?

With reference to the column headed "Under My Clothes I'm Completely Naked", Vol 95 No 5, page 64, kindly inform Mr J S of Fermanagh that his troubles are all over.

I purchased a little G-string by mail order without the irritating groin straps, one elastic waist band with a cleverly designed pouch to hold the machine gun and ammo pouch below.

I chose electric blue to match my nose and have named it "The Harvest Festival" because all is safely gathered in.

It passed the supreme test with honours when I answered the door to be confronted by two pretty young lady visitors who were Jehovah's Witnesses.

Not a blush passed between them or an eye averted, but they did opt out of reading to me the Gospel of St Paul, para 3 verses 1 to 15. Strange, I was wearing more than Eve's mate.

AE, GOULBURN, CHESTER.

PAINTING NUDES

By trade I am a painter and decorator, and work on both interior and exterior contracts in the Kent area. I have been fortunate enough, on a number of occasions, to be working in secluded locations and able to carry out my work in total or near-total nudity.

A few of my clients know I am a nudist and have no objections to my working this way, providing they do not have visitors call.

Although this did happen once and the lady was rather startled at first, but for some reason she

did not leave as early as she said she was going to.

I have worked for a number of naturist clients, but sometimes the location is not possible to be nude. Whenever I can work in a clothes-free environment, I do.

With my wife, I belong to the local sun club and on a good weekend we go to Fairlight and enjoy the sun and the sea.

I have enclosed several photos that were taken at a couple of clients' premises over the last couple of years.

R ELSON, DOVER.



The only coat worn here ...



... goes on with a brush.

ALL FIRED UP TO START A CLUB

You've got to admire Dave Jinks. You've got to admire anyone who's prepared to get up off his backside, naked or clothed, to get a job done.

For more than 20 years, Dave Jinks was a member of the fire brigade in Peterborough, an anonymous sort of new town which is neither the East Midlands nor East Anglia. For the last few years, he was a member of the Marguerite club at nearby Stamford.

But this year, two big things have happened in his life. The biggest was that the accumulated worry and distress of seeing so many badly smashed bodies at road accidents became too much for him.

Bodies, for a naturist above all, were a thing to be appreciated - not mangled, bloody objects to be cut free with blow torches after their lives had been ruined and sometimes ended.

"It got so that I couldn't get them out of my mind," he says. "I'd see those faces and for a moment they'd remind me of someone I knew, and I could imagine them being that person."

You think in a job like this, after all this time, that you'd be hardened to it. And to an extent you are.

"But after just so many, so much of it, it got too much for me."

He took a year off work and he's now left the fire brigade. For much of that time he would break down into unpredictable sobbing, the victim of a job which we all demand but which few of us are prepared to do - picking up the pieces after they've been broken.

But that year also gave birth to something far, far happier.

Dave and his wife Lil resolved to start their own sun club. It was no easier for them than it would be for anyone else, and in some ways it was harder. The land around Peterborough, especially to the east, is intensively farmed.

It is some of the most productive arable land in Europe - and some of the bleakest. The wind whips uninterrupted across the carrot and potato fields of the Fens on its long, icy journey from the Russian Steppes.

"It's not the first place you think about when you want to get undressed



"It got so that I couldn't get them out of my mind," he says. "I'd see those faces and for a moment they'd remind me of someone I knew, and I could imagine them being that person."

By Les Woodland

outdoors," says Dave with wry understanding. So he looked a little further east, to where Cambridgeshire meets Norfolk. And there, near the bizarrely named village of Three Holes (after the three arches in the bridge which spans the river there), he, Lil and two other couples negotiated to use three acres of wood-fringed land as their club.

They called it Croft End.

If that sounds altogether too easy, then remember the time it's taken so many much older clubs to find a site of their own. And then bear in mind that after the first 12 months, the other two couples left. One was because of a heart attack, and the other left the area. That left Dave with a club but none of the founding members.

Fortunately, by then there were nearly two dozen families on the books. They pushed wheelbarrows,

measured fields and built a clubhouse. It has bare beams to make it look good and it has a wood-burning stove to make it comfortable in the winter.

Right now they're splashing in their new pool, because they've also built that in their first 15 or so months. There are almost 30 member families.

"It hasn't been easy, but we've done it," says the former fireman. "It's a new venture for me, to replace the fire brigade. When the other two couples left, I went to the owner of the land and he's now a partner in the club. That puts the whole thing on a friendly and even firmer footing."

The moral, of course, is that if you really want something, then you'll get it done. Few of us, sadly, have that sort of resolve. Dave Jinks gets it, perhaps, from his years as a fireman. There are some jobs where you run not from the flames of a problem, but quite literally towards them.

If you've tackled flaming factories where the contents might at any moment explode, or dived into smoke and wreckage to pull out terrified occupants, then starting up a nudist club isn't going to be too much of a problem.

Nor would worries about digging the footings of a lavatory block.

Oddly, fires did once give him a problem, not with the fire brigade but at the Marguerite. He burned his backside at a club barbecue. But that's to jest. Dave Jinks, the relaxed nudist, still isn't over the distress that he's seen. That'll be with him for the rest of his life. The fire brigade has disputed whether his experiences were the reason he left the brigade and all the further, bureaucratic misery of dealing with lawyers and employment law have ensued.

The one solace he has as he starts his new life, is that he can clear his mind like the rest of us, lying indolently naked in the sun. Except that, for him, he's got the added joy that Croft End is the club, and the site, that he founded.

And a man can gain a certain satisfaction from a thing like that.

HOT SHOTS

A tenner for every photo printed on these sizzling pages. Send them to HS, H&E, 1st Floor, 64 Great Eastern Street, London EC2A 3QR.

*Meet like-minded friends, and maybe more, phone 0891 112539
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Jean Paul from France



Cool in the pool



In or out, nude's what it's all about.



Super pose Jeff, at Studland.



Hat's a great pose.



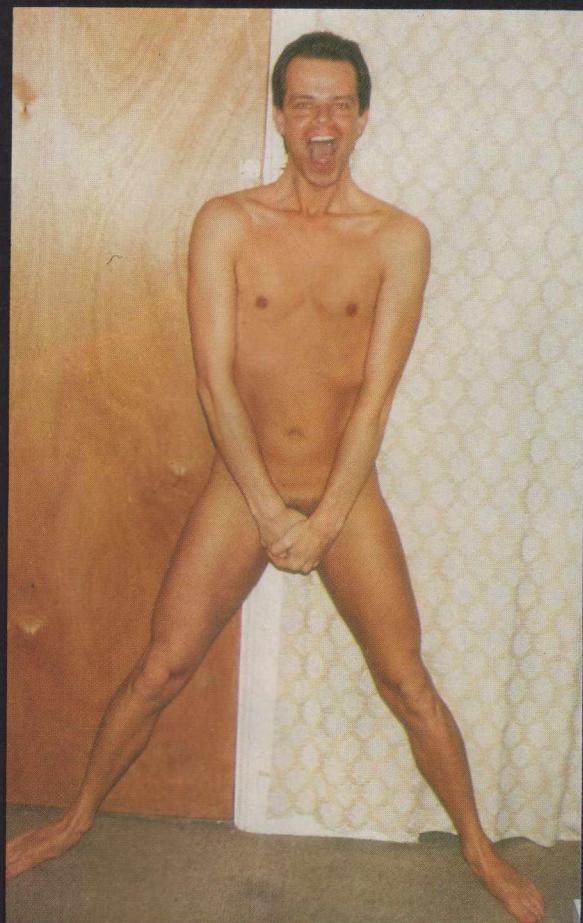
Shady characters.



ZZZZZ



Ouch! It's freezing.



I'll show it to you next month.



It's all too much for Michel.



Girl with an odd-shaped ball.



One in every crowd.

MEN at WORK

This month to be different, we decided to feature a few of you hard-working guys who like to work in the nude. Ouch, Mr Sackley of Bristol, those shears look sharp. If you'd like to be featured too, send your snaps to: Man of the Month, H&E, 1st Floor, 64 Great Eastern Street, London EC2A 3QR.



Sheer delight.



Time for a drink.



Phew, it's hot!



A quick trim.

MY OWN NAKED THOUGHTS

I've just had a reporter from a national newspaper phone and ask my opinion on the *Three Graces*, the Canova sculpture which has been hovering over the Atlantic, figuratively speaking. The latest news was that Britain was going to be holding on to this beautiful representation of three naked women, but, of course, anything could have happened by the time you read this.

The reporter thought I'd have a view on this, being involved with nudity. I have indeed, but whether my adoration of the naked form has anything to do with my belief in naturism, I'm not sure.

He asked me which I liked best, naked men or women. I told him I enjoyed them equally – but that's when they're cold, lifeless and made of clay or bronze. But I know in real life that I'd rather slip between the sheets with one and look at the artistic depiction of the other.

Ultimately, I don't think the appreciation of the naked form has anything in particular to do with the enjoyment of naturism, but it's a fun point to dwell on nevertheless.

Kate Sturdy
Managing Editor

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**See page 49 for the
Meeting Place**

JILLY'S JOURNAL

The time has arrived! Jilly's off to her first 'nudie' party. What will happen – will her worst fears be realised or will it just be the start of a great new life? Read on ...

WOW, my first nudie party and not a bare body in sight!!

We walk into a room where there's dancing. Hmm, there's a bloke touching a girl's bum. So that's what they get up to.

"Hello," he says. "Have you met my wife?" OK, all is forgiven just this once, I can in the dim and distant past remember my ex touching me up in public and thinking it was fun – I reserve judgement!

My man asks me to dance, I have difficulty in concentrating, I'm scanning the room, not believing all that my eyes are telling me. The couple dancing next to me for instance; she must be 14 stone at least and not exactly a spring chicken; he looks about 70, what a beer belly.

Surely they can't be nudies, they must be guests of one of the members. Now that's more like it, a beautiful girl in her late teens walks up to them. "Hello grandad, yes, I am having a good time, but you won't catch me taking off all my clothes, I'd be far too embarrassed."

I don't believe she would feel awkward; if I looked like her I'd fling my clothes off right now and be proud to do so. Stop Jilly, you can't think like that, it's totally indecent!

An elderly gentlemen is introduced to me. "I hope we'll be seeing more of you in the summer," he says. What does he mean by that, how dare he? See more of me? No way!! Or is it just my mind playing tricks – does he just want to be friendly?

This is dreadful. I'm reading double meaning into everything that's being said and done – relax, you're here to enjoy

yourself, not to criticize.

Food, glorious food is being served in the dining-room. We help ourselves from a fantastic buffet and find a space at a table to sit down.

I don't believe it. Opposite me sit a man and his wife whom I know through business! His face is as red as a beetroot, his wife roars with laughter and comments: "Jilly, my husband and I have been married for over 30 years and I have never before seen him blush, what a lovely surprise seeing you here."

They are just an ordinary retired couple I have known for many years. Who would have believed they were nudies? "Do visit us later in the year when you can enjoy the sun and the pool. It's a great way to relax after work," they say.

What, me? I can't strip off. "Don't worry about 'baring all', just come along fully clad and see what you make of us strange people when the sun shines."

Dear Journal, I've actually made it home in one piece. Well, what an evening. No Roman orgies, just genuinely friendly folk of all ages – I still have great difficulty believing I've been to a nudie party and everyone kept their clothes on!

As for that invitation to pay another visit later in the spring – well, we will see. Maybe if I'm still with my man.

I have a strange feeling that, provided I can go fully clad, my curiosity may get the better of me and I may be seeing more of the members! I will let you know.

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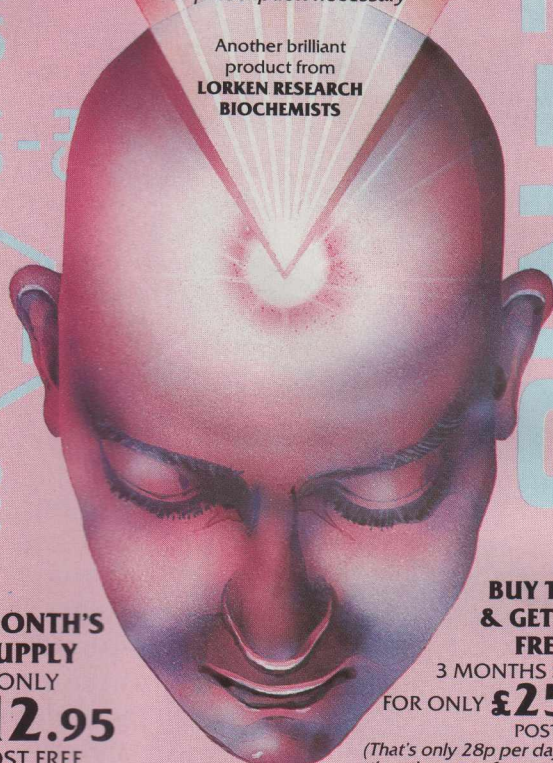
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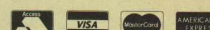
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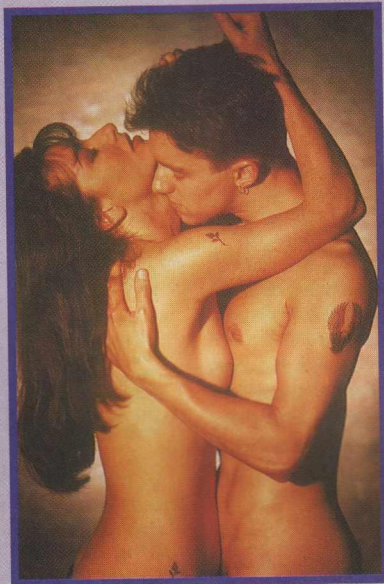
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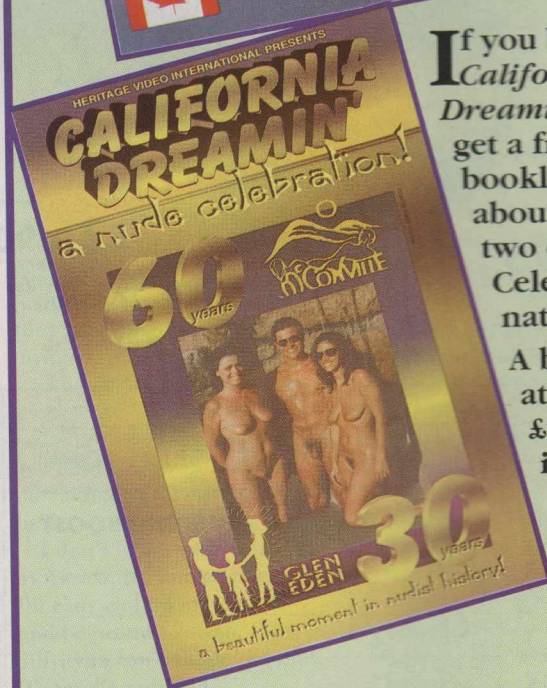


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